~~1163. a. 5~~
b 57 a 19

Thos. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

~~1163. a. 5~~
b 57 a 19

Thos. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

C57a 19.

C57a 19.

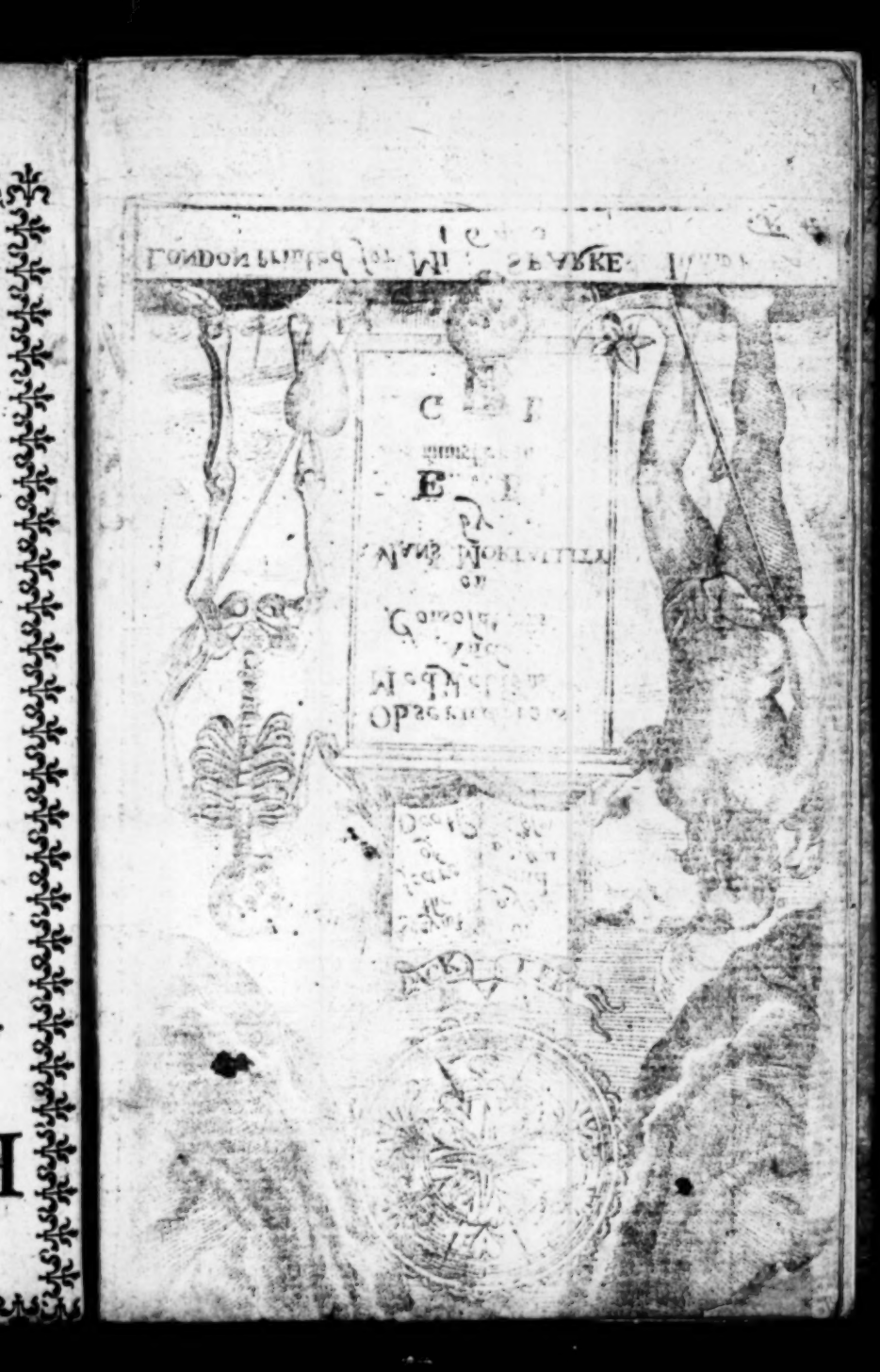
The mind of the Frontiſpice.

THat *Buckler* which you ſee at top
No *Cyclops* fram'd: for if you look
Underneath 't, you ſee the *ſhop*
Where 't was made, that open *Book*.

The uſe of 't is thoſe ghaſtly fears
And pale terrours to withſtand
That aſſault when Death appears,
Pictur'd here at your left hand.

Time, on the other ſide, doth pray you
To imbrace 't and uſe it well:
So *Death* ſhall not (though it ſlay you)
Hurt: each ſand 's your Paſſing-bell.
When the laſt is out (you know)
That 's your picture quite below.

A
BVCKLE
Agaynst the feare of Death
or pyous and proffitt-able
Obseruations, Meditations And Consolations.
on
MAN'S MORTALLITY
by
E B
minister in
G B
LONDON Printed for Mi: SRARKE. Iunior
1640
R fe:



A BUCKLER *against the fear of* DEATH;

Or,

Pious and Profitable

Observations,

Meditations,

and

Consolations:

By *E. B.* K.

Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the University of *Cambridge*: And are to be sold by *M. Spark junior*, in the little *Old-Baily* in *London*. 1640.

43.
7. 6.
116.

To the Right Worſhipfull Mris *Helena Phelips*, and Mris *Agneta Gorges*, grandchildren to the Right Honourable Lady *Helena*, late Lady Marchioneſſe of Northampton, now with God, *E. B.* wiſheth the happineſſe of grace here and of glory hereafter.

Gentlewomen,

THough there be nothing more certain, more impartiall, more ſudden, then the ſtroke of Death, yet is there nothing ſo ſeldome thought upon, eſpecially of thoſe whoſe youth and health ſeem to ſuppoſe their graves a great way off. But I may not harbour ſuch a thought of you. The piety of that Family whereof you are very ſuitable members is a ſufficient prohibition. Pious hearts are never barren of profitable thoughts: and amongſt all thoſe, wherewith even a gratious heart doth moſt abound, none are certainly more advantageous then thoughts of Death; which have evermore thoughts of Repentance, Judgement, Heaven and Hell for their companions. Yet the beſt may be bettered: and what I preſent you with may make your meditations more, and peradventure more uſefull then they were before. Some conſolations you ſhall light upon; which if you

you suffer to work effectually, they will go neat to breed a chearfull expectation of that King of terrours which otherwise you might be sinfully afraid of. The poeme (if it may be called so) is a plain one, because I meant to profit not to puzzle you; and yet it is a poeme, that your profit might come in the pleasingest way. To assure you that the rhythme is no disparagement to the divinity of the matter, were to question your ingenuity, a great part of that wherein you exercise your selves both day and night being written in verse,* which notwithstanding is the mighty power of God unto salvation. If you accept and gain by this poore present, and withall give it leave to wear your names into the world, my ends are accomplished: and your selves (with all that honoured and religious familie) shall be remembred as often as I kneel before the throne of grace. And I will importunately beg of him that sitteth thereon, to increase the good gifts and graces of his spirit within you. What if your proficiencie in the wayes of piety be already famous? yet if my prayers find good speed with God, you may sit in glorie a degree the higher. Thus prayeth

* Lorin. in Psalmos, Tom. 1. p. 4. D. proveth it by many good witnesses.

Your humble servant

to be commanded,

E. B.

Profitable

Profitable and pious thoughts of Death.

Part 1.

Of Deaths certainty.

IN heav'ns high Parliament an act is paſs'd,
Subſcrib'd by that eternall Three in One,
That each created wight muſt one day taſt
Of Deaths grim terrours: They exempted none
That ſprang from Adam. All that red-earth-ſtrain
Muſt to their earth again.

An ancient Regiſter of burialls lies
In Geneſis, to let us underſtand
That whoſoever is begotten dies,
And every ſort is under Deaths command.
His Empire 's large: Rich, poore, old, young, and all
Muſt go when he doth call.

Mans life 's a book: and ſome of them are bound
Handſome and richly; ſome but meanly clad:
And for their matter, ſome of them are found
Learned and pious: others are too bad
For vileſt fires: Both have their end.
There 's a concluſion penn'd

As well as title-page ; that 's infancy.
The matter ; that 's the whole courſe of our lives.
One 's Satans ſervant walking wickedly ;
Another 's pious, and in goodneſſe thrives ;
One 's beggerly, another 's rich and brave :
Both drop into the grave.

One man (a book *in folio*) lives till age
Hath made him crooked and put out his eyes:
His beard doth penance. And death in a rage
Mows down another whilſt the infant cries
In 's midwives lap : (that 's an Epitome)
Both wear deaths liverie.

God made not death : Whence are we mortall then ?
Sure Sinne 's the parent of this pale-fac'd foe ;
Nought elſe did hatch it : and the firſt of men
He was Deaths grandfather : And all the wo
That in this or the next life we are in
Is cauſed by our ſinne.

Medita-

thoughts of Death.

Meditation 1.

IF I muſt dye, I 'll catch at every thing
That may but mind me of my lateſt breath.
Deaths-heads, graves, knells, blacks, tombs, all theſe ſhall bring
Into my ſoul ſuch uſefull thoughts of death,
That this ſable King of fears,
Though in chiefeſt of my health
He behind me come by ſtealth,
Shall not catch me unawares.

When-e're I viſit any dying friend,
Each ſigh and ſcrich, and every death-bed-grone
Shall reade me ſuch a lecture of mine end,
That I 'll ſuppoſe his caſe will be mine own.
As this poore man here doth lie
Rack'd all o're with deadly pain,
Never like to riſe again,
Time will come when ſo muſt I.

Thus ghaſtly ſhall I look, thus every part
Of me ſhall ſuffer, thus my lips ſhall ſhrivel,
My teeth ſhall grin, and thus my drooping heart
Shall ſmoke out ſighs and grones; and all the evil
Which I ſee this man lye under,
What ſinne earns and death doth pay,
I ſhall feel another day.
Sinne from torment who can ſunder?

Thus will my mournfull friends about me come:
My liveleſſe carcaſe ſhall be ſtretched out.
I muſt be packing to my longeſt home:
Thus will the mourners walk the ſtreets about.
Thus for me the bells will toll:
Thus muſt I bid all adieu,
World, and wife, and children too:
Thus muſt I breathe out my ſoul.

At others fun'rals when I ſee a grave,
That grave ſhall mind me of mortalitie.
I 'll think that ſuch a lodging I muſt have:
Thus in the pit my bones muſt ſcattered lie;
Here one bone and there another,
Here my ribs, and there my ſcull,
And my mouth of earth be full.
I muſt call the worms my mother.

When I do look abroad, methinks I ſee
A fun'rall Sermon penn'd in every thing.
Each creature ſpeaks me mortall: Yonder tree,
Which, not a quarter ſince, the glorious ſpring
Had moſt proudly cloth'd in green,
And was tall, and young, and ſtrong,
Now the ax hath laid along:
Nothing but his ſtump is ſeen.

And yonder fruitfull valleys yeſternight
Did laugh and ſing, they ſtood ſo thick with corn:
In was the ſickle, and 't was cut down quite,
And not a ſheaf will ſtand to morrow morn.
Yonder beauteous imps of May,
Pretty eye-delighting flowers,
Whoſe face heav'n doth waſh with ſhow-
To put on their beſt aray: ſers

I ſaw the fair'ſt, the Lily, and Carnation,
And coy Adonis particoloured ſonne,
Subject to ſuch a ſudden alteration
That in a day their fading beauty 's gone.
This tree, this corn, and this flower,
Or what things elſe vaineſt are,
To my ſelf I do compare,
Who may die within this houre.

Meditation 2.

I 'LL ne'r be proud of beauty if I muſt
Be blemiſh'd when I die: And if the grave
Will mix my beauty with the vileſt duſt,
What profits pride? Reader, I 'll pardon crave
Here to ſet you down a ſtory
Of as rare and fair a She
As the Sunne did ever ſee,
Whom Death robb'd of all her glory.

Profitable and pious

I once ſaw Phœbus in his mid-day ſhine
Triumphing like the Sovereigne of the skies,
Untill two brighter rayes, both more divine,
Outblazed his: and they were this Nymphs eyes.
Forthwith Sol curtain'd his light,
Looking very red for ſhame
To be vanquiſh'd by this Dame,
And did ſlink out of her ſight.

I once ſaw ſilver Cynthia, nights fair Queen,
In her full orb dimming each leſſer flame,
Till this Nymphs beauty-vying front was ſeen
Outſhining hers: then ſhe look'd wan for ſhame.
The man in her, knew he how
But to quit that giddy place,
She had ſo divine a face,
Would have dwelt upon her brow.

Once was this woman pleas'd to walk the fields
Then proudly fragrant with Dame Flora's ſtore:
The damask roſe unto her beauty yields,
And was contented to be fair no more.
Sure I cannot ſay how truly,
Yet 'mongſt many 't was a fame,
That the roſe did bluſh for ſhame,
And the violet look'd moſt bluly.

Once

thoughts of Death.

Once did this woman to the temple go,
Where doth fair Venus marble-ſtatue lie
Cut to the life, that one can hardly know
But that it lives indeed: When ſhe came nigh,
He who then the temple kept
After would be often telling
She was ſo ſuper-excelling
That for mad the marble wept.

Melodious muſick's warbled by the ſpheres;
Swans ſing their Epitaphs in curious layes,
Once with a ſinging Swan a part ſhe bears:
As ſoon's thoſe corall doores diſmiſs'd her voice,
The poore Swan held his peace and di'd:
And the ſpheres (as men do ſay)
Dumbly move unto this day.
This was by a rivers ſide.

What think you now of ſuch a glorious woman?
This Phœnix ſure was ſhe, if any might,
That might be proud: And yet the tongue of no man
Can well expreſſe, nor any pen can write
What grim death hath done unto her;
Now ſhe 's of another feature,
Hardly can you know the creature:
Stay a while, and we will view her.

Profitable and pious

Th' almighty King that dwells above in heaven
Directs to 's high Shrieve Death a certain writ,
Wherein a ſtrait imperiall charge was given,
At 's utmoſt peril forthwith on ſight of it
To arreſt that piece of beauty
And to wrap her up in clay
'Gainſt the laſt great judgement-day.
Death addreſs'd him to his duty;

And with great care gives warrant by and by
Unto his baillifs, Fever, Pox, and Gout,
Phrenſie, Strangury, Colick, Squinancy,
Conſumption, Dropſie, and an ugly rout
Beſide theſe, for to aſſail her:
Deaths command was, that they muſt
Tie her faſt in chains of duſt:
He gave charge that none ſhould bail her.

You would not think with what a furious pace
Theſe catchpoles flie to pull this creature down:
But Pox was nimbleſt; ſhe got to her face
And plow'd it up. This hag goes in a gown
Rugged and of colour tawny,
Button'd o're from top to toe;
(Skin-deep beauties deadly foe)
Uglier hag was never any.

Fain

Fain would the reſt have faſtned on her too,
But that this hag had frighted out her ſoul.
Now looks her carcaſe of another hue,
Grim, ugly, lothſome, ghaſtly, and as foul
As did ever eye look on.
What 's become of that complexion
Which held all hearts in ſubjection?
In a moment all is gone.

If we might be ſo bold to dig the grave
Some few years hence where this good woman lies,
Sure we ſhould find this beauty but a ſlave
To pallid putrefaction, and a prize
For thoſe ſilly vermine worms:
As they crawl in ſtinking ſwarms
She doth hug them in her arms,
And doth give them ſuck by turns.

Here 's a deformed lump indeed: and this
Muſt be the fortune of the faireſt face.
None then are proud but fools: They love amiſſe
Whoſe hearts are chain'd to any thing but grace.
From the beauty of the skin
In the lovelieſt outward part,
Lord, vouchſafe to turn my heart
To love that which is within.

Medita-

Profitable and pious

Meditation 3.

IF Death will come, ſure there will come an end
Of all this worlds deep-biting miſery.
Nothing adverſe that 's here on earth doth tend
Beyond the grave: that 's a delivery
From the pow'r of men and devils,
And what-ever other wo'
May befall us here below
Death 's a ſhelter from all evils.

Here I am poore: my daily drops of ſweat
Will not maintein my full-ſtock'd family:
A dozen hungry children crie for meat,
And I have none; nor will words ſatisfie.
Could I give their belly ears,
'T were a comfort, or could fill
Hungry ſtomacks with good will,
Or make daily bread of tears.

Here the oppreſſour with his griping claws
Sits on my skirts: my racking land-lord rears
Both rent and fine; with potent looks he aws
Me from mine own. Scarce any man but bears
In his boſome Ahabs heart.
Horſe-leach-like that 's ever craving
Other mens, and ſick of having,
Right or wrong, will catch a part.

Here

thoughts of Death.

Here in theſe clay-built houſes ſickneſſe reigns:
I have more maladies then I can name:
Each member of my body hath its pains.
Moreover, weeping, groning, ſadneſſe, ſhame,
Slanders, melancholy, fear,
Diſcontents, diſgraces, loſſes,
And a thouſand other croſſes
Muſt be born if I live here.

But theſe are finite all. When I am dead
My poverty is ended and my care:
I heare my famiſh'd children crie for bread
No longer. Then I drink, I lodge, I fare
Juſt as well as Cæſar doth:
There ends cold and nakedneſſe,
All my former wretchedneſſe.
Death is meat, and drink, and cloth.

There 's no face-grinding: There the mighty ceaſe
From troubling; there the weary be at reſt:
The ſervant 's freed; the pris'ner is at eaſe:
All 's ſtill and quiet; no man is oppreſs'd:
For incroachers there are none.
Not a poore man 's wronged, nor
Is his vineyard longed for:
Every man may keep his own.

Sickneſſe

Sickneſſe there 's none : when-ever Death ſhall take
My body hence and lodge it in the clay,
I ſhall not feel a tooth or finger ake,
Nor any other miſery that may
In the leaſt degree diſpleaſe me.
For all ſores the grave hath plaſters,
And it cureth all diſaſters :
Of all burdens Death will eaſe me.

Malicious tongues fired below in hell
There will not hurt me ; nor the poiſonous breath
Of whiſpering detractours : I ſhall dwell
Securely in the duſt. One ſtroke of Death
Sets me out of gun-ſhot quite ;
Not the deepeſt piercing tongue
Can there do me any wrong:
Bark they may, but cannot bite.

Lord, I am thine: and if it be thy will,
While I do live a ſtranger here below,
Brim-high with bitterneſſe my cup to fill,
And make me drink 't ; yet, Lord, withall beſtow
But thy grace, and thou ſhalt ſee me
Patient : and my comfort 's this,
That a ſhort affliction 't is:
In a moment Death may free me.

thoughts of Death

thoughts of Death.

Meditation 4.

IF I muſt die, it muſt be my endeavour
So to provide that every thought of Death
May be a thought of comfort: that when-ever
That aged ſire ſhall take away my breath,
I may willingly lay down
This old houſe that 's made of clay,
Gladly welcoming the day
That brings an eternall crown.

But of all things a holy life 's the way
Muſt lead me to a comfortable end;
To crucifie my luſts, and to obey
Gods ſacred will in all things: This doth tend
Unto comfort, joy and eaſe.
Mark the man that is upright,
And ſets God alwayes in 's ſight,
That mans end is ever peace.

What makes me fear a ſerpent? 't is his ſting;
The miſchief 's there: When that is taken out,
I can look on him as a harmleſſe thing,
And in my boſome carry him about.
What makes Death look rufully?
Not Deaths ſelf: it is his ſting
That doth fear and horrour bring,
And makes men ſo loth to die.

The

Profitable and pious

The ſting of death is ſinne: but there 's a Jeſus
Hath pluck'd it out. The guilt 's done quite away;
The ſtain is waſh'd. He ſent his Spirit to eaſe us
In ſome good meaſure of that kingly ſway
Which o're us ſinne held before.
Bleſſed work of grace! now I
Strongeſt luſts can mortifie:
In my ſoul ſinne reigns no more.

Now in me holineſſe is wrought: which is
A pious diſpoſition of the heart,
Inclining me to hate what 's done amiſſe
In me and others, never to depart
From God to left hand or right,
Nor one of his laws to break;
But to think and do and ſpeak
What 's well-pleaſing in his ſight.

Each act from faith and love ariſeth, and
The end I aim at is my Makers praiſe;
His word 's my rule: my warrant 's his command.
Thus am I fitted: Death, cut off my dayes,
If thou wilt, within this houre,
I will thank thee for thy pain:
For to me to die is gain.
I 'll not fear a jote thy power.

What

thoughts of Death.

What canſt thou do that juſtly may affright me?
Though with thee in the dark I dwell a ſpace,
Yet canſt thou not eternally benight me:
Thou art my paſſage to a glorious place,
Where ſhall not be any night.
My rais'd aſhes ſhall enjoy
There an everlaſting day,
And an uneclipſed light.

I fear not death becauſe of putrefaction,
Nor (if I might) would willingly decline it:
My body gains by 't; 't is the graves beſt action:
God, as a founder, melts it to refine it.
Death cannot annihilate,
And in deſpite of the grave,
Yet I ſhall a body have,
Fairer and in better ſtate.

Gods ſecond work excells his firſt by ods:
Our ſecond birth, life, Adam, to repair
Our bodies, is a ſecond work of Gods,
To make them better then at firſt they were,
Glorious, immortall, ſound,
Nimble, beautifull, and ſo·
Splendid that from top to toe
Not a blemiſh may be found.

What

What begger weeps when 's rags are thrown away
To put on better clothes ? Who is 't will grieve
To pull a rotten houſe down, that it may
Be fairer built ? Why ſhould we not receive
Death with both hands when he comes
To pull off thoſe rags that hide us,
To unhouſe us, and provide us
Richer clothes and better homes ?

The griping pangs of Death do not affright
My heart at all: I have deſerved mo.
And if upon no other terms I might
Enjoy my God, I to my God would go
Through hells ſelf, although a throng
Of an hundred thouſand juries
Of the black'ſt infernall Furies
Claw'd me as I went along.

Nor can thoſe inward terrours make me quake
Which Death-beds often on the ſoul do bring.
I have no Death-bed-reck'nings for to make ;
'T was made while I was well , and every thing
Was diſpatch'd before, that I
Nothing in the world now, ſave
Home-deſiring longings, have
Then to do but juſt to die.

Nor doth it trouble me that Death will take me
From thoſe delights that are enjoy'd below.
Alas, I know that none of them can make me
One jote the happier man, nor can beſtow
Any comfort. Carnall gladneſſe,
Mirth, delight and jollity,
This worlds beſt felicitie,
All is vanity and madneſſe;

Mere empty husks. Had I as many treaſures
In my poſſeſſion as the muddieſt wretch
Did ever covet, and as many pleaſures
As from the creature fleſhly men can fetch;
Had I this: or if I were
Supreme Monarch, onely Lord
Of what earth and ſea afford:
Yet I would not ſettle here.

To be diſſolv'd is better: Death doth bring
A fairer fortune then it takes away.
It ſets us in a world where every thing
Is a happineſſe, a full and ſolid joy,
Not to be conceiv'd before
We come thither: but the bliſſe
Which exceedeth all is this,
That there we ſhall ſinne no more.

Lord, grant a copious portion of thy Spirit.
The more I have of that the leſſe I fear
What Death can do; for ſure I ſhall inherit
All joy in heaven if I am holy here:
Nought ſuits with heaven but ſanctitie.
Let, my God, thy Spirit and grace
Fit me for that holy place
And that holy companie.

Meditation 5.

IF Death will come, what do men mean to ſinne
With ſo much greedineſſe? me thinks I ſee
What a ſad caſe the godleſſe world is in,
How faſt aſleep in her ſecuritie.
Fearleſſely in ſinne men live,
As if Death would never come,
Or there were no day of doom
When they muſt a reck'ning give.

Obſerve a little yonder black-mouth'd ſwearer,
How 's tongue with oathes and curſes pelts the skies:
'T would grieve the heart of any pious hearer
But to bear witneſſe of his blaſphemies.
He darts wounds at God on high,
Puts on curſing as his clothes,
And doth wrap his tongue in oathes
To abuſe Eternity.

In lawleſſe luſt the fornicatour fries,
And longs to ſlake it 'twixt forbidden ſheets:
Ne'r ſets the ſunne but his adulterous eyes
Obſerves the twilight, and his harlot meets.
That which follows, when the night
Draws its curtain o'r the air
To conceal this goatiſh pair,
Modeſty forbids to write.

And I could ſhew you (were it worth the viewing)
In that room three or foure drunkards reeling:
In this, as many more that ſweat with ſpewing;
Some that have drunk away their ſenſe and feeling;
Men of all ſorts in their wine
And their ale ſit domineering,
Curſing, railing, roring, ſwearing,
Under every baſer ſigne.

'T is ſaid (ſo vile is this big-belly'd ſinne)
That in a day and leſſe ſome foure or five
Of luſtie drunken throats will ſwallow in
More then hath kept two families alive
A whole forthnight (yet made they
Merrie with 't.) Had I my wiſhes,
Such gulls ſhould not drink like fiſhes;
But their throats ſhould chãge their trade

The covetous man with his uſurious clutches
Doth catch and hold faſt all the wealth he may:
He leans on 't as a creeple on his crutches.
The miſer ſtudies nothing night and day
But his gain: he 's like a ſwine
Looking downward, like a mole
Blind, and of an earthen ſoul,
Minding nothing that 's divine.

Theſe, and beſide theſe other ſorts of ſinners,
In every pariſh you may dayly ſee
As greedy at their ſinnes as at their dinners,
And wallowing in all impiety.
Sure theſe miſcreants do never
Entertein a thought of dying;
Nor yet are afraid of frying
In hell flames for altogether.

Thou God of ſpirits, be pleas'd to aw my heart
With death and judgement: that, when I would ſinne,
I may remember that I muſt depart,
And whatſoe're condition I am in
When I ſink under Deaths hand,
(There 's no penance in the grave,
Nor then can I mercy have)
So muſt I in judgement ſtand.

thoughts of Death.

Meditation 6.

Lord, what a thief is Death! it robs us quite
Of all the world; great men, of all their honours;
Luxurious men, of all their fond delight;
Rich men, of all their money, farms and mannours.
Naked did the world find us,
And the world will leave us ſo:
We ſhall carrie when we go
Nothing, but leave all behind us.

Let Death do 's worſt, ambitious men do climb
By any ſinne though it be ne're ſo foul:
Gold-thirſty miſers ſwallow any crime
That brings gain with it, though it kill the ſoul.
Here for gain is over-reaching,
Coſening, cheating, lying, ſtealing,
Knaviſh and ſiniſter dealing;
All arts of the devils teaching.

Whilſt I am well adviſ'd I'll never ſtrive
T' increaſe my wealth, if 't will increaſe my ſinne:
I will be rather poore then ſeek to thrive
By means unlawfull: all 's not worth a pinne.
When mine eye-lids Death doth cloſe,
What I ſinned for muſt be
Shak'd hands with eternally,
But the ſinne that with me goes.

Profitable and pious

I 'll not waſt love upon theſe lower things,
Nor on the choiceſt of them doting ſit:
For when ſad Death a *habeas corpus* brings,
To take the world from me and me from it,
'Gainſt which I have no protection;
To ſpend love in what I may
No where but on earth enjoy,
Were to looſe all my affection.

The longeſt leaſe of temporalls God doth make
Is but for life. I 'll patiently behave
My ſelf, though from me God be pleas'd to take
In middle age that which his bounty gave:
Neither diſcontent nor paſſion
Shall make me repine or grumble;
'T is a way to make me humble,
And takes from me a temptation.

Thou mad'ſt my heart, Lord: keep it for thy ſelf,
Leſt love of duſt eternally undo me:
Vouchſafe that this vain worthleſſe empty pelf
May never win me, though it daily woo me.
If 't were lovely, yet 't is gone
When I dy. Lord, make me ſee
That there is enough in thee
To place all my love upon.

Medita-

Meditation 7.

I Am a ſtranger and a pilgrime here:
The world 's mine inne, 't is not my dwelling-place;
(In this condition all my fathers were)
The life I live below is but a race.
Here I ſojourn ſome few yeares:
This world is a countrey ſtrange;
Death my pilgrimage will change
For a home above the ſpheares.

In elder time the goddeſſe *Quiet* had
Her temple; but 't was plac'd without the gates
Of Ethnick Rome; to ſhew that good and bad
Have here their vexing and diſturbing fates,
And do bear their croſſe about
Whilſt within the walls they ſtay
Of this world, and ſhall enjoy
No reſt till Death let them out.

Here I am look'd upon with divers eyes,
Sometimes of envy, ſometimes of diſdain:
Here I endure a thouſand miſeries:
Some vex my perſon, ſome my credit ſtain;
My eſtate 's impair'd by ſome:
But yet this doth comfort me,
That hereafter I ſhall be
Better us'd when I come home.

Profitable and pious

In all eſtates my patience ſhall ſuſtein me:
I am reſolved never to repine
Though ne'r ſo courſely this world entertein me:
Such is a ſtrangers lot; ſuch muſt be mine.
Were I of the world, to dwell
Here as in my proper home,
Without thoughts of life to come,
Then the world would uſe me well.

I am not of their minds in whom appears
No care for any world but this below:
Who lay up goods in ſtore for many years,
As if they were at home; but will beſtow
Neither care nor induſtry
Upon heaven, as if there
They were ſtrangers, but had here
A leaſe of eternitie.

The baniſh'd Naſo weeps in ſable ſtrain
The woes of baniſhment: nor could I tell,
If Death and it were offer'd, of the twain
Which to make choice of. O! to take farewell
Of our native ſoil, to part
With our friends and children dear,
And a wife that is ſo near,
Muſt needs kill the ſtouteſt heart.

What

thoughts of Death.

What is't then to be abſent from that houſe,
Eternall in the heav'ns, not made with hands!
From Angels, Saints, God, Chriſt himſelf, whoſe Spouſe
Our ſoul is! from a haven where nothing lands
That defileth; where 's no danger,
No fear, no pain, no diſtreſſe:
All 's eternall happineſſe!
What is 't to be here a ſtranger!

I have been oft abroad, yet ne'r could find
Half that contentment which I found at home;
Methought that nothing ſuited with my mind
Into what place ſoever I did come:
Though I nothing needed there,
Neither clothes, nor drink, nor meat,
Nor fit recreations, yet
Methought home exceeded farre.

Thither did my affections alwayes bend;
And I have wiſh'd, before I came half-way,
A thouſand times, my journey at an end,
And have been angry with a minutes ſtay:
Sunne-ſet I did ever fear;
And a hill or dirty mile,
That delay'd me but a while,
Seem'd to ſet me back a yeare.

I built not tabernacles in mine inne,
Nor ever cry'd out, *'T is good being here.*
No company would I be ever in
That drown'd but half an hour in wine or bier.
I have wiſh'd my horſe would runne
With a farre more winged ſpeed
Then thoſe skittiſh jades that did
Draw the chariot of the Sunne.

From carnall ſelf-love, Lord, my heart unfetter,
And then ſhall I deſire my heavenly home
More then this here, becauſe that home is better,
And pray with fervency, *Thy kingdome come.*
Lord, had thy poore ſervant done
What thou haſt ſet him about,
I would never be without
Holy longings to be gone.

Meditation 8.

THere was a State, as I have heard it ſpoken,
(The tale doth almoſt all belief ſurpaſſe)
That had a cuſtome never to be broken,
(But a bad cuſtome I am ſure it was)
'Mongſt themſelves their King to chooſe:
The elected man muſt be
King as long 's they would, and he
When they pleas'd his crown muſt looſe.

This

This State elected and depoſed when
And whom they would: but the depoſed Prince
They ſuffered not to live 'mongſt other men,
But drove him to a countrey farre from thence
Into wofull baniſhment,
Where he chang'd his royalty
For want and all miſery;
Scarce a Kingly puniſhment.

One King there was that whilſt his crown was on,
Knowing his ſubjects fickle diſpoſition,
Beat his crown-worthy head to think upon
Some courſe of providence, to make proviſion
At the place of 's baniſhment:
Full-ſtuff'd bags of money, and
What things elſe might purchaſe land,
He into that Kingdome ſent.

It came to paſſe after ſome certain years,
His yoke ſeem'd heavy, and his people frown'd:
King-ſick they were; their purpoſe ſoon appears:
A new King 's choſen and the old 's uncrow'nd.
And for exile, this foul beaſt,
Giddy, variable, rude,
The unconſtant multitude,
Dealt with him as with the reſt.

But

But that his wiſer providence was ſuch,
When 's baniſh'd predeceſſours lived poore,
What he had ſent before was full as much
As did exclude want or deſire of more.
There he lacks not any thing;
He doth purchaſe towns and fields,
And what elſe the countrey yields:
In eſtate he 's ſtill a King.

So ſhall we fare hereafter in the next
As we provide in this life. Sure I ſee
A providence in all: Who is not vex'd,
And plung'd, and lean with too much induſtry?
Men of all ſorts runne and ride,
Sweat and toil, and cark and care,
Get and keep, and pinch and ſpare;
And all 's done for to provide.

For to provide? what? goods, and lands, and money,
Honours, preferments, pleaſures, wealth and friends:
(As bees in ſummer-time provide their hony)
To ſublunaries their proviſion tends,
And no farther; 't is for duſt
That they labour and thick clay,
For theſe goods that will away,
And for treaſures that will ruſt.

For to provide? for what? Their preſent life,
That's naturall; their bodies have their care:
Their ſpirituall ſtate's neglected: there's no ſtrife
For grace and goodneſſe. Souls immortall are,
Living everlaſtingly
In eternall wo or bliſſe,
As here our proviſion is,
Yet are not a jote ſet by.

Men do provide amiſſe: Full well I know it,
I ſhall be baniſh'd from this ſinne-ſmote place:
All here is fading, and I muſt forgo it.
What ſhall I lay up for hereafter? grace,
An unſpotted conſcience,
Faith in Chriſt, ſobriety,
Holineſſe, and honeſty:
Theſe will help when I go hence.

Strengthen thoſe graces, Lord, which thou haſt given,
And I ſhall quickly change both care and love;
My care for earth into a care for heaven,
Take off my heart from hence, and fix't above,
And will lay up all proviſion
For that life which is to come
Whilſt a ſtranger, that at home
I may find a bleſt condition.

PART.

Profitable and pious

PART II.

Of Deaths impartiality:

from whose ſtroke neither { Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, Friends, Youth, nor any thing } can protect us.

Sect. I.

Riches cannot protect us from the ſtroke of Death.

OF richeſt men in holy writ I read,
Whoſe basket & whoſe ſtore the Lord had bleſt,
And in the land exceedingly increas'd
Their wealthy ſubſtance; yet they all are dead.
Riches do not immortalize our nature:
The richeſt dyes as well 's the pooreſt creature.

'Bove all, the wealth of Solomon did paſſe;
Ne'r was man maſter of a greater ſtore:
He went beyond all Kings that went before.
Silver as ſtones, and pureſt gold as braſſe,
Adorn'd Jeruſalem: a glorious thing!
Yet death ſtrikes into duſt this wealthy King.

Medita-

thoughts of Death.

Meditation 1.

IF 'gainſt Death's ſtroke my riches cannot arm me,
Nor comfort me a jote when I am dying:
I 'll take a care theſe witches do not harm me
Whilſt I do live. I know they will be trying
To do me any miſchief; as before
And now they miſchief all the whole world o're.

Some riches hurt with that old ſinne of pride:
Rich men extremely ſwell; moſt commonly
This ſinne and wealth both in one houſe abide:
Poore men are loo'kd on with a ſcornfull eye.
Strangely is his heart puft up with pride 's bellowe
That hath a fatter fortune then his fellows.

His words are big, looks lofty, mind is high;
He with his purſe will needs drive all before him:
He ever looks for the precedency;
And yext he is if men do not adore him:
He bears the ſway: another man muſt be,
If not ſo rich, not half ſo good as he.

Some

Some men wealth doth infect with churliſhneſſe:
They anſwer roughly: they are crabbed miſers.
(Courſe bread yields hardeſt cruſt) This is a dreſſe
Wherewith wealth decks our accidentall riſers.
Since Nabals death a thouſand rich men be
In every point as very hogs as he.

Some wealth makes prodigalls: there's no exceſſe
But they runne into. Back and belly ſtrive
Which ſhall ſpend moſt: belly, with drunkenneſſe
And gormandizing: back, for to contrive
New ſtuffs and faſhions. This exceſſive crue
Have wayes to ſpend that Dives never knew.

Obſerve theſe Caterpillers: One man puts
Into his throat a cellar full of drink:
Another makes a ſhambles of his guts.
The back is not behind; you would not think,
How for themſelves, and for their curious dames,
One ſuit of clothes a good fat manour lames.

Some

Some wealth makes idle: like ſo many drones
They ſuck what others ſweat for, and do hate
All good imployments. Many wealthy ones
Have neither callings in the Church nor State;
And during life do nothing day by day
But ſit to eat and drink, and riſe to play.

Theſe miſchiefs are in wealth and many more:
It throws men into many a fooliſh luſt.
But if Gods bounty multiply my ſtore,
I'll drain theſe vices from 't: For when I muſt (me
Grone on my death-bed, theſe ſinnes will diſpleaſe
And fright my ſoul, but riches cannot eaſe me.

Lord, either keep me poore, or make me rich
In grace as well as goods: my wealth undreſſe
(If I have any) of thoſe vices which
Are wont to clothe it; ſo ſhall I poſſeſſe
Riches without thoſe ſinnes that riches bring,
That when death comes they ſharpen not his ſting.

Profitable and pious

Meditation 2.

THough God doth bleſſe me all my time along
With beſt of bleſſings, make my courſes thrive,
Fill full my garners, make my oxen ſtrong
To labour; and although his bountie give
As much to me as to a thouſand more;
Though I am rich and all my neighbours poore;

Though Fortune fanne me with a courteous wing;
Though gold be at my beck; though I have ſail'd
With proſp'rous gales; though not an adverſe thing
Did e're betide me; though I never fail'd
Of good ſucceſſe in any undertaking:
Yet am I ſtill one of the common making;

A piece of duſt and clay: and I may go
Into my grave as ſoon 's a poorer man.
Our mold 's alike; God at firſt made us ſo:
He makes the rich mans life but like a ſpan;
And ſo the beggers is; juſt both alike:
And both fall when impartiall Death doth ſtrike.

When

When they are fallen both alike they lie;
Both breathleſſe, noiſome, liveleſſe, ſenſeleſſe, cold:
Both like the graſſe are withered, dead and drie;
And both of them are ghaſtly to behold.
The ods is this, The poore man 'mongſt the croud
Of buried mortalls hath the courſeſt ſhroud.

Why ſinne the fooliſh ſonnes of men for gain?
Why doth the Land-lord rack? the Us'rer bite?
Why doth the Judge with bribes his conſcience ſtain?
Why doth the bauling Lawyer take delight
In ſpinning cauſes to a needleſſe length,
Untill his clients purſe hath loſt its ſtrength?

Why are Gods Miniſters become men-pleaſers?
And why are Patrones ſimoniacall?
Why are our Advocates ſuch nippy teaſers
Of honeſt cauſes? why the devil and all
Do Miſers ſcrape? and why do Tradeſmen rear
Their price, yet ſell time dearer then their ware?

Sure theſe bad courſes cannot chooſe but hurt us;
They make Deaths looks more ghaſtly, and his ſting
More piercing: but our wealth cannot ſupport us
'Gainſt ſmalleſt pains and fears that Death will bring.
Riches do promiſe much but do deceive us:
When we have need of ſuccour then they leave us.

Anoint me, Lord, with eye-ſalve, to diſcern
What poore contents the world affords at beſt.
Inſtruct me, Lord, and I ſhall quickly learn
That without thee there 's no condition bleſt.
Bad wayes of gaining into hell will drive me:
But all my wealth will not from Death reprive me.

Meditation 3.

SOme therefore ſinne becauſe they do abound
In ſtore of wealth: this is the onely ground
Of many ſinnes. Gods laws they do tranſgreſſe;
They wrong their equals, and the poore oppreſſe;
They tread religion and civilitie
Both under foot; all kind of tyrannie

They

They exerciſe on all within their reach.
Nothing can keep them in; they make a breach
Through all thoſe ſenſes which at the beginning
God ſet to keep rebellious man from ſinning:
They will be revellers, whoremongers, ſwearers,
Drunkards, oppreſſours, liers, and forbearers
Of no impiety: this is the reaſon,
Great men they are, and rich. 'T is petty treaſon,
Though in a modeſt way, for to reprove
Thoſe ſinfull courſes which our betters love.
If we dare do it, though we have a calling
To do it boldly, we are tax'd for bawling
And ſaucie fellows; and another day
Sure we ſhall ſmart for 't. Lord, I 'll never ſay,
I 'll ſinne becauſe I 'm rich; unleſſe that I
Could ſay, I 'm rich, and therefore will not die.

Meditation 4.

IF from Deaths ſtroke my riches cannot ſhield me,
Nor on my death-bed any comfort give;
Then I will take a care that they ſhall yield me
Some joy and comfort whilſt I am alive,
And never ſhall a jote my ſinnes increaſe,
Nor hinder me from going hence in peace.

I 'll get them well: my calling ſhall be lawfull;
My brows or brains ſhall ſweat for what I have:
And I will uſe my calling with an awfull
Regard of God and conſcience; nor will crave
What I have not a right to. They do eat
Scarce their own bread whoſe faces never ſweat

Unleſſe they ſweat with eating. Nor can I
Find any warrant for thoſe wayes of gain
Which many men do get their livings by:
To keep a needleſſe Alehouſe to maintein
An idle familie: to be a Pander,
A Fortune-teller, or an Apes commander:

A purblind Crowder, or a Rogue that canteth;
A Cuckold by conſent for ready pay:
A ſturdy Begger that not one limb wanteth:
Or one that borrows money on the way:
A Uſ'rer, who whether 't ſhine or rain,
If the Sunne ſtand not ſtill, is ſure of gain.

For theſe I find no warrant: nor for dealing
Deceitfully in ſelling or in buying.
To take more then what 's ſold is worth, is ſtealing;
Or to give leſſe: the art of multiplying
Our lands, or gold, or ſilver, by ſubtracting
From other mens, or by unjuſt exacting

What is not ours. Better (in my opinion)
It were to feed on barley-bread and pottage
Made of ſalt, water, and an onion:
To wear a thred-bare coat, and in a cottage
Smoke-bound and ruſty pennyleſſe to dwell,
Then to get wealth unleſſe I get it well.

And when 't is juſtly gotten, every thought
That I 'll beſtow upon it ſhall be ſuch
As it deſerves: If heav'ns full hand hath brought
Plenty into my boſome, if as much
I have as I could wiſh, my care ſhall be
To think of 't all as of a vanity.

A vanity that, for ought I do know,
May take its flight and in an houre leave me.
As God had many wayes for to beſtow
His bounty on me, he hath to bereave me
As many more: as moveables I 'll deem it
From me, or with me; and I will eſteem it

A ſtrong temptation unto many a ſinne,
That never will perform what it doth promiſe:
That wealths fair books when we are deepeſt in
The greater reck'ning God exacteth from us.
I 'll not afford my wealth a better thought:
And I do think I think on 't as I ought.

And as I ought I 'll uſe 't: Not to be fewel
For any luſt, nor to maintein my riot;
Not to be prodigall, vainglorious, cruel;
Nor yet to make my potent purſe diſquiet
My poorer brother: but from thence I 'll raiſe
My neighbours profit and my Makers praiſe.

Where there is need, I 'll ready be to give,
Glad to diſtribute : naked ones I 'll cover :
Hungry and thirſty ſouls I will relieve :
Widows diſtreſs'd in me ſhall find another
Husband : to orphanes I will be in ſtead
Of parents to provide their daily bread.

I 'll never empty ſend the poore away,:
The Church ſhall ever find my purſe unty'd:
The King ſhall have his due without delay :
The Common-wealth ſhall never be deny'd.
Thus ſhall my wealth be common unto many,
If ever God be pleas'd to ſend me any.

Riches ſo juſtly gotten, and imploy'd
So piouſly, although they cannot make
A man immortall, that he ſhould avoid
The grave and rottenneſſe ; yet do not ſhake
The ſoul with terrours and ſuch deſperate fears,
As what 's ill gotten doth, when Death appears.

Make me a faithfull Steward, holy Father,
Of what thou haſt intruſted me withall.
Where I ſtraw'd not grant I may never gather;
Nor ſinne in ſpending: Then ſend Death to call
Me to account, Lord, when thou wilt, and I
Shall entertein the meſſage joyfully.

Sect. 2.

Honours cannot protect us from the ſtroke of Death.

OF honours all that can be ſaid doth meet
In Kings and Princes; glory, majeſty,
Command, and titles: yet their ſacred feet
Trudge to the grave-ward. Power, Royaltie,
A Kingdome, Crown, and Sceptre cannot be
Protections againſt mortalitie.

Princes are Gods on earth; yet ſure they muſt,
As well as meaner men, be ſick and die:
Their Royall bodies ſhall be chang'd to duſt:
No crown below is worn eternally.
Of all thoſe Kings which in Gods book we reade
One died, and another reign'd in 's ſtead.

thoughts of Death.

If good and loyall ſubjects had their wiſh,
A gracious Prince ſhould never ſee the grave;
Nor ſhould his Royall corps be made a diſh
For worms: but pious wiſhes will not ſave
A King from duſt. As other mens, his breath
Is in his noſtrils: Crowns muſt bow to Death.

Sure, were it not a kind of petty treaſon
To wiſh his Majeſty ſo long without
A crown of glory, I ſhould think it reaſon
To pray his lamp of life might ne'r go out.
Though not in 's ſelf, yet, Lord, grant he may be
Immortall in a bleſſed progenie.

Meditation 1.

'MOngſt us an humble great one is a wonder
Rarer by ods then is a winters thunder.
Great men and good each other ſeldome kiſſe:
Pride to preferment 's married. O! there is
Not a thought within their brain
Of a grave, nor yet of ſeeing
Death; nor do they dream of being
Changed into duſt again.

Conſider,

Profitable and pious

Conſider, Sir, though you have been a taſter
Of Princes favours, mounted all degrees
Of honour; have been called, Lord, and Maſter;
Though your approch hath bow'd as many knees
As once mighty Hamans: yet
Is it not Eternity
That you hold your greatneſſe by.
Death and you muſt one day meet.

As I remember, I have read a ſtory,
That one in Embaſſy ſent from the King
Of Perſia to Rome, was ſhew'd the glory
Of that proud citie: every famous thing
That was by the Romanes thought
To expreſſe the great and mighty
Proweſſe of their glorious city,
Thither was the Perſian brought.

There he beheld ſuch glorious ſtructures, rais'd
To dare the skies, that outwent all examples;
Where art and coſt workman and founder prais'd:
Baths, Theatres, Tombs, Monuments, and Temples,
Statues that would wonder-ſtrike
Any mortall man that ſhould
Once behold them; neither could
All the world ſhew the like.

After

After this view Romes mighty Emperour,
Longing for praiſes, in the Perſian tongue
Demanded of this ſtrange Embaſſadour
What he now thought of Rome. I ſhould do wrong
To your ſacred Majeſty,
Thus th' Ambaſſadour reply'd,
And this glorious place beſide,
If I ſhould not magnifie

Both you and it. But one thing I diſlike
In Rome it ſelf: I ſee that Death doth reigne
As well here as in Perſia, and doth ſtrike
The greateſt down, and when he pleaſe doth chain
People, Senatours and Kings
In cold fetters made of duſt:
Even noble Romanes muſt
Feel what putrefaction brings.

Your Emperours themſelves have had their turns
In fun'rall piles. Theſe tombs can teſtify
The Cæſars mortall. In theſe ſacred urns
What lies but royall duſt? Mortality
Happens here: and I know no man
But hath power to hold his breath
As long, and is free from Death
As much as the nobleſt Romane.

Look

Profitable and pious

Look we a little on this land of ours:
Here 's plenty, peace and every other bleſſing.
Into her boſome God in plenteous ſhowres
Rains kindneſſes that are beyond expreſſing.
Sure we of this kingdome may
Juſtly our Creatour praiſe
For a ſhare in happier dayes
Then Rome did at beſt enjoy.

Ours is a land of barly and of wheat:
Our ſtones are iron, and our hills yield braſſe.
A land wherein th' inhabitants do eat
Bread without ſcarceneſſe; here our bleſſings paſſe
All enumeration:
What God ſeverally beſtows
Upon others joyntly flows
From his bounty to this nation.

Yet here men die too: not the ruſſet Clowns,
And Peaſants onely that do hold the plow,
And Shepherds that ſit piping on the downs,
And milk-maids that do court'ſie to a cow;
But thoſe noble men that have
Titles, lordſhips, farms and mannours,
And a great book full of honours:
Theſe go down into the grave.

thoughts of Death.

See you not yonder ſuper-ſtately palace ?
Three generations ſince that houſe was builded.
A great man did it for his Lordſhips ſolace
In ſummer-time; but dying up he yielded
To his heir this ſtately pile :
This heir left it to his brother;
He dy'd too : and then another
Swagger'd there a little while.

And he that had it laſt is now remov'd
A ſtory lower down into the duſt.
Thoſe ſwelling titles which were ſo belov'd;
That great eſtate in which the man did truſt;
Troups of gallants that did give
Their attendance; all that treaſure
Waiting on his Lordſhips pleaſure
Could not keep the man alive.

Mark yonder marble-tomb: beneath it hath
This man a lodging. All thoſe lines you ſee
On this ſide are a praiſing Epitaph,
And on the other ſide his titles be.
Of this fabrick if we might
One piece from another ſunder,
And behold what lyeth under,
'T would be ſcarce ſo fair a ſight.

Great

Great ones, remember that there is a place
Which poore men call a death-bed, and a time
Of parting hence; you walk a nimble pace
To earth-ward every houre. Here though you climb
Up to Honour's higheſt round,
Drink a cup full to the brim
Of the world, in pleaſures ſwim,
Death will lay you under ground.

Meditation 2.

WHoſe heart ſo adamantine but would weep
Sad crimſon drops to think upon ſome riſers?
Lord, what a wicked ſhuffling they do keep
To lift themſelves! Some have been ſacrificers
Of their fathers, brothers, friends,
Kinsfolk, children, and have ſtood
Wetſhod every ſtep in bloud,
To attein their lofty ends.

Of martyrs what a lamentable heap
Did Herod make for fear to looſe his crown!
A mother would have ſold a cradle cheap
To buy a coffin or a mourning gown.
This fell Tyrants rage appears
Running down each Parents face:
His wrath left in every place
Childleſſe mothers drown'd in tears.

And Abſolom, that miracle of beauty,
So eagerly did long to be a King,
That he could ſoon unlearn his filiall duty,
And by a ſtrange rebellion fain would bring
The thrice-venerable head
Of his aged father down
To the grave without a crown,
And he triumph in his ſtead.

Abimelech, ſo ſtrong was his ambition,
A bloudie bargain made with certain men
Of Belial, and to hinder competition
Did ſacrifice at once threeſcore and ten
Of his brothers on a ſtone:
With ſo foul and deep a guilt
So much harmleſſe bloud is ſpilt,
That himſelf may reigne alone.

Of that inhumane hell-bred tragedie
By Athaliah on the royall ſeed,
The motive was deſire of majeſtie,
And that her own arms might the better ſpeed.
Our third Richard goes for one
Of thoſe butchers who think good
To cement their crowns with bloud,
And by murders reach a throne.

The great Turks abſolute prerogative,
Which in ſecuritie his crown mainteins,
Is not to ſuffer one of them to live
That hath a drop of royall bloud in 's veins:
When he 's crown'd there 's nothing (lacking
That may to the ſafetie tend
Of this Monarch, but to ſend
The ghoſts of his kinsmen packing.

If I at leiſure were to write a ſtorie
Of ſuch black deeds as theſe at large, I could
Tell you of numbers who to purchaſe glorie,
Honours and high rooms in the world, have ſold
(And this policie they call)
A good conſcience, dearer farre
Then a thouſand kingdomes are,
And to boot their God and all.

And yet when all is done, there dwells a God above,
A God that 's greater then the greateſt are,
Who can and will ſend Death for to remove
The greateſt hence, and bring them to the barre:
Where muſt ſtand both ſmall and great,
To have ſentence e'r they go
Of eternall bliſſe or wo
At Gods dreadfull judgement-ſeat.

When

When you are ſeated higheſt let your carriage
Be full of pietie: you do an act
Worthy your greatneſſe if you make a marriage
'Twixt it and goodneſſe, if you do contract
Honours unto holyneſſe.
Ever give the Lord his due
Honour who hath honoured you:
Then will Death affright the leſſe.

Affright the leſſe? 't will not affright at all.
The errand 's welcome when a charge is giv'n
To that grim purſuivant that he muſt call
Your honours hence unto a court in heav'n.
To be great is not the thing
That can dying-comforts yield:
Goodneſſe onely is the field
Whence all ſoul-refreſhings ſpring.

Meditation 3.

IF ever it ſhould pleaſe God and the King
(Which I do not deſire) to give me honours;
Yet never ſhould my beſt preferments bring
Vices to boot: they ſhould not change my manners.
Many a man hath been good
Unpreferr'd, and not a ſlave
To his luſts; yet honours have
Put him in another mood.

Of Saul we heare no evil whilſt he ſtood
Endow'd with nothing but a private fortune:
And afterward we heare as little good
Of Saul a King: His honours did importune
His bad nature to produce
Such fruits as were too unfit
For a King, and to commit
Sinnes that were beyond excuſe.

As long as man is limited within
The bounds of humble, baſe and mean eſtate,
He ſeems to make ſome conſcience of a ſinne,
And one that would be good at any rate:
But no wickedneſſe he ſpares
When (by chance) the man is mounted
And 'mongſt great ones is accounted;
Then the man himſelf declares.

Then his depraved nature with looſe rains
Runnes uncontrolledly into the mire
Of all impietie; no ſinne remains
Unacted by him: doth he but deſire
To be wicked, vain or idle,
Any luſt to ſatisfie,
That luſt he will gratifie:
His affections wear no bridle.

I'll

I 'll never be deboiſt although my ſeat
Of glory in the world be ne'r ſo high:
I will not therefore ſinne becauſe I 'm great;
For if I greater were, yet I muſt die,
And muſt at Gods bench appear,
Where my ſentence ſhall be given
To receive a hell or heaven,
As my doings have been here.

Sect. 3.

Pleaſures cannot protect us from the ſtroke of Death.

Under the ſunne there was not any joy
Which Solomon that wiſe and famous King
Had not a taſt of: whatſoever may
Gladneſſe, content, delight and ſolace bring,
That he from the creature gathers;
Not one pleaſure doth he keep
His heart from: yet he 's aſleep
In the duſt among his fathers.

His ſenſes had thoſe objects which delight,
Content, and pleaſe and raviſh moſt his touch;
His taſt, his hearing, ſmelling, and his ſight,
His mind and humour too, all had as much
Of delicious ſatisfaction
As from all beneath the skie
Ever could be fetched by
Any poſſible extraction.

Three hundred concubines he had to pleaſe
His touch: by turns each of them was his gueſt
At night. Seven hundred wives beſide all theſe;
The worſt of them a Princeſſe at the leaſt.
Such a female armie meets,
To make his delight run o'r.
Sure they are enough to ſtore
Twice five hundred pair of ſheets.

To pleaſe his taſt this great Kings daily chear
Exceeded for varietie and plentie:
He had his Roe-buck and his Fallow-deer,
His fatted fowl, and everie other daintie.
He had palate-pleaſing wine:
Gormandizers, whoſe beſt wiſhes
Terminate in toothſome diſhes,
No where elſe would ſup or dine.

And everie day both men and women-ſingers
Impriſoned his eare with charming voices:
The Viol touch'd with artificiall fingers,
An Organs breathing moſt melodious noiſes:
Sackbut, Pſalterie, Recorder,
The ſhrill Cornet, and the ſharp
Trumpet, Dulcimer and Harp;
Theſe all ſounded in their order.

And in his gardens he had lovely ranks
Of flowres for odour all ſweets elſe excelling,
Whoſe beauteous luſtre ſtellifi'd the banks;
All theſe were to delight his ſenſe of ſmelling,
And perfumes of ſweeteſt ſavour,
Which all other nations bring
As a preſent from their King
Who did woo his Princely favour.

For objects which were wont to pleaſe the eye,
He wanted none. Did he deſire a ſight
Of what might moſt affect? variety
Of lovely'ſt objects ſpangled with delight
Everiewhere themſelves preſent:
Scarce did anywhere appear
Other objects then did wear
Outſides clothed with content.

Behold his thouſand wives! If he would know
The height of beautie, it is ſeen in thoſe.
A battel in a field of ſanguine ſnow
Betwixt the ſpotleſſe lilie and the roſe:
Part they would on no condition,
Nor would either of them yield;
Yet at length are reconcil'd,
And there made a compoſition.

His gorgeous clothes, his ſilver and his gold,
His jewels, his incomparable treaſure
Were all of them delightſome to behold,
And gave the eye a glorious glut of pleaſure.
His friends, his magnificent
Buildings, fiſh-ponds, gardens, bowers
Interlac'd with gallant flowers
Gave both eye and mind content.

Yet he 's dead. Delights cannot protect us
From Deaths aſſaults; pleaſures eternize not
Our nature: yea, when ſickneſſe ſhall deject us
They will not eaſe nor comfort us a jote.
What doth moſt exactly pleaſe us
Here appears not where a grave is;
And what moſt of all doth raviſh
On a death-bed will not eaſe us.

Meditation 1.

METhinks the trade of brainleſſe Epicures
Is not ſo good as it doth ſeem to be.
The ſweeteſt cup of luxury procures
No man below an immortalitie,
Yea, when ſickneſſes do lay
Him upon his bed, and ſtrain
Everie part with deadly pain,
All his pleaſures flie away.

Let 's

Let 's put the caſe there was a belly-god,
Whoſe ſtudie 't was to give his throat content;
To ſacrifice to 's panch both roſt and ſod
Was his religion. Every element
Its imployment had: The Waters,
Fruitfull Earth and nimble Air,
Ranſack'd with a coſtly care,
For fiſh, fleſh and fowl, were caters:

The other cook'd it. This luxurious race
Did breath his ſtomach twice a day at leaſt;
And each diſh floted in provoking ſawce,
Which ſtill afreſh his appetite increas'd.
From Dives that 's now in hell,
For a table full of rare,
Toothſome and delicious fare,
This man bears away the bell.

Well; this fat hog of Epicurus ſtie
Falls ſick of ſurfeting, or elſe the gout
Or dropſie gripes him moſt tormentingly,
That you would think his ſoul were going out.
Pains do hinder him from ſleeping,
He lies reſtleſſe, and is ſo
Full of toſsings to and fro
That his houſe is fill'd with weeping.

His

His ſervants, ſeeing him ſo out of quiet,
Sadly beſpoke him thus, Sir, here 's a Pheſant,
A diſh of Partridge, Larks, or Quails, (a diet
Your Worſhip loves) a cup of rich and pleaſant
Wine that comforts where it goes,
Muſcadine, Canarie, Sherrie,
That hath often made you merrie:
This may eaſe you of your throes.

The man repli'd, If I had wine by ods
Better then nectar, which the poets feigne
Was drunk in goblets by the heathen Gods,
It would not eaſe me of my ſmalleſt pain.
Should God rain me from the skies
Manna, glorious Angels food,
'T would not do me any good:
'Gainſt it would my ſtomach riſe

There was another that plac'd no delight
In any thing but wealth; his chiefeſt good
Was pureſt gold: whether 't were wrong or right
He would be gaining: for he never ſtood
Upon conſcience at all.
And to cry down avarice,
As he thought, was a device
Merely puritanicall.

thoughts of Death.

To lie, to cheat, to ſwear, and, which is worſe,
To forſwear, to diſſemble in his dealing,
Went ever down with him as things of courſe:
Nor would he ſlack a jote at down-right ſtealing.
Blind he was not; yet he ſaw
Not that ſtatute-uſury
Was at all forbidden by
Any part of morall law.

'T was fiſh whatever came within his net:
Sweet ſmell'd the dunghill that affoorded gain.
On ſuch a thriving pinne his heart was ſet,
No thoughts but golden lodged in his brain.
Scraping thus early and late,
And increaſing by theſe bad
Wayes and means, at length he had
Heaped up a vaſt eſtate.

They ſay a Turkiſh Muſulman, that dies
A faithfull ſervant unto Mahomet,
Shall preſently enjoy a paradiſe
Of brave delights indeed: The place is ſet
All about with glorious matters;
There are rivers, pleaſant benches
Straw'd with flowres, & gallant wenches
That have eyes as broad as platters,

And

And many other joyes as good as theſe.
But all are bables to that ſtrong content
Wherewith the man we told you of doth pleaſe
Himſelf in his eſtate: More merriment
In the images of Kings
Doth he find then ſix or ſeven
Martyr'd Turks do in their heaven.
Hearken how the miſer ſings;

I 'll eat, drink, and play,
And I 'll freely enjoy
My pleaſures before I am old;
I 'll be ſorie no more,
For my ſoul hath in ſtore
Abundance of ſilver and gold.

In this day and night
Will I place my delight;
It ſhall fatten my heart with laughter.
No man ſhall excell me;
For who is 't can tell me
What pleaſures there will be hereafter?

His irreligious ſong was hardly ended,
When at his gate was heard one ſoftly knocking:
It was that Tyrant Death, who came attended
With troups of griping throes; all theſe came flocking
Round about this golden fool.
As the iſſue did aſſure us,
God had ſent theſe ghaſtly Furies
For to take away his ſoul.

Alas, Sir, ſaid his ſervants what may be
The cauſe you ſend us out ſuch wofull grones?
How fell you into ſuch an agonie?
What ails your throat, your head, your heart, your bones
Or your ſtomach, or your brains,
That you howl ſo? here before you
Is that which muſt needs reſtore you,
And eaſe your extremeſt pains.

Here's gold and ſilver and as ſtately ſtuff
As England, Scotland, France, or Ireland yields:
Of jewels and of plate you have enough:
Of any man you have the fruitfull'ſt fields.
Fatteſt oxen throng your ſtall;
Tenants tumble in your rent:
Thoſe to whom you mony lent
Bring both uſe and principall.

This

This cannot chuſe but comfort. But the man,
That lay upon his eaſeleſſe death-bed ſprawling,
Made this replie, If any of you can
By marks infallible make ſure my calling
To my ſoul, and my election;
If from any text divine
You could prove that Chriſt is mine,
This would be a good refection.

Or if you could aſſure my parting ghoſt
Of ſeeing God to all Eternitie,
Of being one amongſt that heavenly hoſt
Whoſe bliſſe it is to praiſe him endleſſely;
This were comfort that accordeth
With his caſe that is diſtreſt
As now I am, but the reſt
On a death-bed none affoordeth.

There was another man whoſe occupation
Was to paſſe time away: he made a trade
Of that which men do call a recreation:
He was indeed a very merry blade.
Taverns, bowling-alleys, playes,
Dauncing, fiſhing, fowling, racing,
Hawking, hunting, courſing, tracing,
Took up all his healthfull dayes.

But on a time a ſudden ſickneſse came,
And ſeiſed him in each extremer part,
(This grudging did begin to ſpoil his game)
But at the length it faſt'ned on his heart;
There it plung'd him wofully,
And forthwith the man is led
Home and laid upon his bed:
Think him now at point to die.

A little after came into the room
A gallant troup of neceſsarie ſtuff,
His coachman, falconer, huntsman, page, and groom,
His miſtreſse with her hands both in a muff,
Sorie all to ſee him ſo.
But ſee how theſe fools invent
To give a ſick man content,
And to eaſe him ere they go.

One breaks a jeſt, another tells a tale;
One ſtrikes the lute, another ſings a dittie;
(But neither of them pray to God at all)
Another tells what news is in the citie:
Everie man is in his vein,
And all jointly do contrive
Pleaſant paſsages to drive
Out of doore their maſters pain.

They

They ask'd him if he pleas'd to take the air,
Or call for 's coach and ride to see a play.
And whether he would hunt the buck or hare,
Or to a tavern go to drive away
Or to drown times tediousnesse,
Or else to a tennis-court
Whither gallants do resort,
Or else play a game at cheese.

The man reply'd, Ye know I must be gone
The way of all, I cannot tell how soon;
And I have other things to think upon:
Already it is with me afternoon;
Erelong my declining sunne
Needs must set. Oh! my life hangs
On a thred: these mortall pangs
Crack it. Out my glasse is runne.

Time was I doted on these idle toyes:
Now can they not a dram of comfort yield.
Too late I see they are not death-bed joyes,
No refuge from soul-vexing storms, no shield
When a mortall blow is given.
Prate no more: let not a man
Open 's mouth unlesse he can
Tell me how to get to heaven.

There

There was another that for nothing car'd
(It was a woman) but for vain exceſſe
In bravery of clothes; no coſt was ſpar'd,
Nor art, nor care, that ſerved to expreſſe
To the full a female pride:
But at length it came to paſſe
That this ſpruce and gallant laſſe
Fell extremely ſick and di'd.

But I muſt tell you, that, whilſt like a lion
Pains tore her bones in pieces, ere ſhe ſent
Her laſt breath out, (imagine her of Sion
A matchleſſe daughter) to her chamber went,
Weeping ripe, her good handmaiden,
Purpoſing as much as may be
To chear up her dying Ladie:
For with comforts was ſhe laden.

Thus ſhe began, and ſpake it with a grace,
Be comforted, good Madame, never let
A little ſickneſſe ſpoil ſo good a face;
Your Ladyſhip cannot ſo ſoon forget
Your contents. If ever any
Gentlewoman liv'd that might
Find materialls of delight,
You, good Madame, have as many.

Here for your feeet are tinkling ornaments;
Here are your bonnets, and your net-work-cauls,
Fine linen too that every eye contents,
Your head-bands, tablets, eare-rings, chains, and falls,
Your noſe-jewels, and your rings,
Your hoods, criſping-pinnes, & wimples,
Glaſſes that bewray your pimples,
Vails, and other pretty things:

Here are your dainty mantles, and your ſutes
Of changeable apparel, and your tires
Round like the moon, your bracelets, (finger-fruits)
Of buſie houres) mufflers, and golden wires;
And ſo many more that no man
Can repeat nor yet remember
From October to September:
This would comfort any woman.

Suppoſe her, if you will, an Engliſh Lady;
And think you heare her waiting-gentlewoman
Beſpeak her thus, Madame, here is a gawdy
And glorious ſhew, (theſe faſhions are not common.)
Here 's your beaver and your feather,
Here are ſilver-ribband knots,
Trunks full of rich riding-coats,
Galiant ſhelters 'gainſt the weather.

Here

thoughts of Death.

Here are your holland and your cambrick-ſmocks,
Your gowns of velvet, ſatten, taffatie,
Irons to curvifie your flaxen locks,
And ſpangled roſes that outſhine the skie:
For your head here 's precious geere,
Bonelace-croſ-cloths, ſquares & ſhadows,
Dreſſings, which your Worſhip made us
Work upon above a yeare.

Rich chains of pearl to tie your hair together,
And others to adorn your ſnowie breaſt;
Silk ſtockings, ſtarre-like ſhoes of Spaniſh leather:
And that which farre excelleth all the reſt
And begets moſt admiration,
Of your clothes is not their matter,
Though the world affords not better,
But it is their Frencheſt faſhion.

Madame, believe 't, the faireſt of the Graces
Subſcribes to you. Whenever you appear
Adorned with your gold and ſilver-laces,
Your preſence makes the greedi'ſt eye good chear.
This conſideration
In time paſt was wont to pleaſe you:
Now then, Madame, let it eaſe you
And afford you conſolation.

The dying woman, when this ſpeech was done,
After a grone or two made this replie,
Doth ſuch a curtain-lecture ſuit with one
That everie houre doth look when ſhe ſhould die?
'T is not congruous. Wer'ſt thou able
My poore naked ſoul to dreſſe
With a Saviours righteouſneſſe,
This indeed were comfortable:

But all the reſt is not. Oh! how I grieve
To think upon my former vanitie:
Alas, I feel theſe toyes cannot relieve,
Nor eaſe, nor comfort. Thus let luxurie
Pitch on what it will, its joyes
Are but painted, nor can bring us
Eaſe when pangs of Death do wring us,
Much leſſe can they make our dayes

Eternall here. Thy ſervant, Lord, beſeecheth
The preſence of thy ſpirit that diſcovers
How vain that carnall joy is which bewitcheth
With pleaſant poiſon all her ſottiſh lovers.
Let not earth-delights foreſtall me:
Help thy ſervant to provide
Pleaſures that will then abide
When thou ſendeſt Death to call me.

Meditation 2.

FArewell thoſe pleaſures which the creatures breed:
Theſe carnall comforts ſhall be none of mine;
They ſlink away in time of greateſt need:
I 'll get me comforts that are more divine,
Such as God provideth for us
By his Spirit and in his word:
They are ſuch as will afford
Joy unſpeakable and glorious.

Unſanctified palates cannot find
A reliſh in Gods ſervice: 't is their follie
That nothing in it ſuiteth with their mind,
That they account religion melancholie.
And the cauſe of their miſpriſion
Is becauſe they cannot ſee
Things divine; for yet they be
In their naturall condition.

But ſanctified ſouls have better eyes.
Each Perſon in the ſacred Trinitie
Sends comfort down, and ſuch as farre outvies
The beſt delight that is below the skie.
Father, Sonne, and holy Ghoſt,
Be it ſpoke with reverence,
Seem to ſtrive which ſhall diſpenſe
Bleſsings that do comfort moſt.

The Father, as his title often writes
Himſelf a God of peace and conſolation,
He ſends me comforts by thoſe ſacred lights
Which bring me errands from his habitation:
And ſo firm and full and free
Is each promiſe in his book,
That on whichſoe'r I look
Bleſſed comforts I do ſee:

So firm, that firſt the hugeſt hills and mountains
Shall dance out of their places, ſtarres ſhall fall,
Streams ſhall run backward to their mother-fountains,
The earth ſhall tumble, ere he will recall
One of 's promiſes: For why,
(And this gives ſtrong conſolation
In the middeſt of temptation)
He 's a God, and cannot lie.

So full, that there 's not any thing left out
That I could wiſh. What I would have him be
God is. Would I be compaſſed about
With mercie? find relief in miſerie?
Would I by his Spirit be led?
And have all my ſinnes forgiven?
And hereafter go to heaven?
All this God hath promiſed.

So

So free, that to deſerve that promis'd glory
I nothing have but what his mercie gave me:
'T is gratis rather then compenſatorie
Whatever God doth to convert or ſave me.
And if any good I do,
'T is done by ſupplies Divine;
So Gods work and none of mine:
Grace begins and ends it too.

What if by nature I was made a ſheep,
And by corruption I am gone aſtray,
Whether I think, or ſpeak, or do, or ſleep,
Or wake, do ever wander from the way
I was ſet in, and am toſs'd
So by luſt that my ſoul wanders
Into many by-meanders,
Like a ſillie ſheep that 's loſt?

Yet God 's my ſhepherd: When his mercy ſpi'd me
Wandring it brought me home; and ever ſince
It doth watch over, feed, defend, and guide me,
And ever will do ſo till I go hence:
And hereafter in the even,
When my lateſt ſand is runne,
And my paſture here is done,
It will fold my ſoul in heaven.

The Sonne doth comfort. 'T was his errand down
To preach glad tidings to the meek, and turn
Their wo to eaſe; to earn a glorious crown
For ſinners, and to comfort thoſe that mourn;
Broken-hearted ones to bind,
And to ſet at libertie
Pris'ners in captivitie,
And give eye-ſight to the blind.

There 's comfort in his wounds: His ſacred ſtripes
Do heal our leprous ſouls of all their ſores:
'T is nothing but his pretious bloud that wipes
Our guilt away and cancelleth our ſcores.
Six times did he ſhed his bloud,
(And ſure our eſtate did need it
That ſo many times he did it)
And each drop was for our good.

Thoſe circumciſion-drops of 's infancie,
Thoſe drops that 's anguiſh in the garden vented,
Thoſe drops when he was ſcourged Jewiſhly, (tented,
Thoſe drops when 's head with ſharpeſt thorns was
Thoſe drops when his limbs were nailed
To the croſſe, thoſe when the fierce
Souldiers ſpear his ſide did pierce;
Each drop for our good prevailed.

There 's

There 's comfort in his croſſe: That vile old man
That hangs about us to our dying day
Is crucified with him that it can
Not exerciſe half of its wonted ſway:
Leſſened is its kingly power.
Surely ſinne, it ſtruggles ſo,
Hath receiv'd a mortall blow,
And is dying everie houre.

There 's comfort in his death: For us he dy'd,
For us he felt his Fathers heavie wrath,
And his impartiall juſtice ſatisfi'd,
And us his alſufficient paſſion hath
Pluck'd from Satan *vi & armis*,
And his meritorious pain
Freed us from ſinnes guilt and ſtain,
And whatever elſe might harm us.

There 's comfort in his reſurrection too.
He roſe again that we might be accounted
Righteous and juſt, (This no man elſe could do)
And that our ſinnes, whoſe number farre ſurmounted
All the ſtarres that ſhine in heaven,
All our hairs, and all the ſand
That lies ſcattered on the ſtrand,
For his ſake might be forgiven.

And God the holy Ghoſt doth comfort bring:
By ſpeciall office it is his imployment
To ſettle in the ſoul a lively ſpring,
From whence doth iſſue ſuch a ſweet enjoyment
Of divine, heart-pleaſing bliſſe,
As the world will not believe,
Nor can any heart conceive
But the heart wherein it is.

It is this bleſſed Spirit that doth ſeal
Aſſurance to my conſcience of a ſhare
In what God, in and through his Sonne, doth deal
To needy ſinners that converted are.
It aſſures me of Gods love
In the free and full remiſſion
Of my ſinnes, and exhibition
Of thoſe joyes that are above.

Let now the world, that 's wont to tell a ſtorie
Of ſtrange delights, ſhew me but ſuch a pleaſure,
As to be ſure of God, and Chriſt, and glory,
And then I 'll hug it as my choiceſt treaſure.
Thus each Perſon of the three
Is imploy'd (if I do live
Holy as I ought) to give
Joy and comfort unto me.

Grant

thoughts of Death.

Grant a man once to be in Chriſt, and he
On ſublunarie pleaſures ſoon will trample;
And yet for pleaſures, who ſhews beſt, will vie
With all the world: give him but one example,
What gets pleaſure, and what feeds it;
Whatſoe'r 'mongſt earthly things
To the mind moſt pleaſure brings;
He can ſhew what farre exceeds it.

Can learning pleaſe? he is a man of parts.
Me thinks ſure at his very fingers end
He hath exactly all the liberall arts;
At leaſt he hath ſuch arts as will commend
Any man a great deal more,
And will ſooner bring to heaven,
Then will any of thoſe ſeven
On which learned men do pore.

His Logick is ſo ſcientificall,
His Syllogiſmes are in ſo bleſt a mood,
A thouſand arguments his heart lets fall
That rightly from good premiſes conclude
Him a child of God on high,
And a member of his Sonne,
And an heir, when 's race is runne,
Of a bleſt Eternitie.

His

His Rhetorick excells. He can perſwade
More then thoſe well-penn'd ſweet orations which
Demoſthenes or Tullie ever made.
Doth he that prayer-hearing God beſeech?
Preſently his eare he gains.
For fine words it is no matter:
Let him like a ſwallow chatter
Or a crane, yet he obtains.

And for Arithmetick; his numeration
Is of his dayes: this makes the man applie
His heart to wiſdome, that in any ſtation
He may perform his dutie prudently.
And thoſe ſinnes, to make them hatefull,
Which his conſcience moſt do cumber
Everie day the man doth number;
And Gods bleſsings, to be gratefull.

And for Addition; 't is his diligence
Vertue to adde to faith; to vertue, knowledge;
Love, godlineſse, peace, kindneſse, patience,
One to another: that his ſoul 's a Colledge
Filled with divineſt graces:
And not one grace idle lies,
But all do their exerciſe
In their ſeverall turns and places.

When

When he ſubtracteth, 't is not from the poore,
As moſt men do, not from the King nor Church;
But from ſinnes monſtrous bodie. More and more
He weakens the old man that lies at lurch
In each of his faculties,
And his maſter-ſinne, the ſtrongeſt
Luſt that hath been harboured longeſt
In his ſoul he mortifies.

He multiplies not, as in many places
Men do, his riches; but he multiplies
And doth augment his ſaving gifts and graces,
If not in habit yet in exerciſe.
He divides his goods, he feedeth
Hungrie bellies, and relieveth
Such as are diſtreſs'd, and giveth
Unto everie one that needeth.

When he reduceth, 't is his converſation
In ev'rie point from what it was by nature:
He moulds his life into another faſhion,
And ſhews himſelf to be a new-made creature.
And for ſuch a mans Progreſsion;
He 's not fixed in his place
Like a ſtatue, but in grace
Grows to credit his profeſsion.

He

He ever worketh by the Rule of Three
That do above in heaven bear record.
The Golden Rule, whereby his actions be
Squar'd and directed, is their written word.
Though ſometimes he work by Fracti-
Gives God broken ſervices, (ons,
'Cauſe he 's fleſh in part; yet is
He ſincere in all his actions.

And for a pious mans Aſtronomie;
What if he cannot tell the ſev'rall motions
Thoſe orbs have which do roll about the skie?
Starres names, ſite, bigneſſe, and ſuch other notions?
What if he know not how ſoon
The ſunne will eclipſed be?
Nor hath wit enough to ſee
The new world that 's in the moon?

Yet he doth know the *milkie way* that leads
Unto the palace of the higheſt King:
Whoſe preſence the whole hoſt of heaven dreads,
Who made the ſtarres, the ſpheres, and everie thing;
Steers the courſe that each orb runnes,
Binds ſtarres influence, looſeth the bands
Of Orion, and his hands
Guide Arcturus with his ſonnes.

For

For Geometrie; what if he cannot tell
How many miles the vaſt earth is about?
Yet doth his pious art by farre excell
In finding many greater matters out:
Matters that exceed the ſtrength
Of beſt wits, the full extenſion
Of Chriſt 's love in each dimenſion,
Height, and depth, & breadth, & length.

For Grammar; he can wickedneſſe decline.
His ſupernaturall Philoſophie
Is wiſdome to ſalvation. Moſt divine
His muſick is: That God that dwells on high
Is pleas'd with no other tone.
There is nothing he can heare
Makes ſuch muſick in his eare
As a ſanctified grone.

For Phyſick; his moſt admirable knowledge
Hath found out a *Catholicon*. (This ranks
His skill deſervedly above the Colledge,
Above French or Italian mountebanks.)
There 's no ſickneſſe, he is ſure,
Be it ne'r ſo ſtrong or foul,
That affecteth any ſoul,
But the bloud of Chriſt can cure.

The greateſt Clerk is but a learned fool,
If 's learning be not mixt with godlineſse.
The greateſt Scholar 's he that goes to ſchool
To learn of Chriſt the wayes of holineſse.
Thus if learning be a treaſure
That doth pleaſe, or skill in arts,
Or to be a man of parts;
He that 's holy finds this pleaſure.

Doth toothſome and delicious chear delight?
The godly have it once a week at leaſt.
Our bounty-handed Saviour doth invite
His ſervants to a rich and ſumptuous feaſt,
Where his own ſelf is our ſerver;
Such a feaſt of fatteſt things
As if all the gueſts were Kings:
Where faith may be her own carver.

Do riches pleaſe? A godly mans eſtate
Surpaſseth that of Crœſus: he hath more
Then out of Chriſt is had at any rate.
God hath endow'd him with a bleſsed ſtore
Better then a heap of gold,
Which nor thief, nor moth, nor ruſt,
Can ſteal, eat, or turn to duſt:
His are bags that ne'r wax old.

God

Gods rich and precious promiſes are his,
Which by a precious faith he makes his own:
Gods richeſt mercy; there 's no wealth like this:
Chriſts precious bloud, wherebf a drop alone
Was of higher valuation
Then all men and Angels be,
Or what e'r the ſunne did ſee
Ever ſince the firſt creation.

Doth rich apparel pleaſe? Chriſts righteouſneſſe
Clothes all his members to conceal their ſhame.
Ne'r was Kings daughter in ſo pure a dreſſe,
Unleſſe ſhe were adorned with the ſame.
'T is a robe that God doth pleaſe:
Angels that on God do wait,
And ne'r loſt their firſt eſtate,
Are not cloth'd like one of theſe.

For all delights, the cheating world hath none
So good by half 'mongſt all her painted ſtore
As thoſe the ſoul finds in religion:
With pureſt joy the pious heart runnes o'r.
Let the world diverſifie
Her delights a thouſand wayes,
Yet they come ſhort of thoſe joyes
That are found in pietie.

When I muſt die, my joy that 's naturall
Forſaketh me; that which is ſecular
Takes leave aſſoon as ever Death doth call;
Joyes that were criminall converted are
Into moſt tormenting fears:
Onely that which is divine
On a Death-bed will be mine.
And what if when Death appears

It cannot ſhield me from that fatall blow?
(I would not it ſhould do me ſo much wrong:
For if I were immortall here below
I were not happie) yet 't will go along
With me when I do depart.
Carnall joyes, Lord, from me baniſh,
Let divine delights repleniſh
Ev'rie corner of my heart.

Sect. 4.

Friends cannot protect us from the ſtroke of Death.

IF I were great, rich, proſperous, ſecure,
Succeſſefull in the world, I ſhould be ſure
That more time-ſervers would my friendſhip woo,
Then I could reckon in a yeare or two.
As greedie Eagles to a carcaſe haſten,
And with ſharp tallons on their prey do faſten;
So would they flock about me. Or if I
Could learn the art of popularity,
I might be rich in friends, yet all my ſtore
Would not know how to keep Death out of doore.

Meditation 1.

OF Proteus 't is fained that he could
Transform himſelf to any kind of ſhape:
Into a Dove, or Lamb, and when he would,
Into a Tiger, Lion, Bear, or Ape,
Or a Mountain, Rock, or Spring,
Or Earth, Water, Fire, Air,
Into any forms that are
Stampt in any kind of thing.

And Ariſtippus could exactly flatter:
He had the art of winning gainfull friends,
And, that his fortune might be made the fatter,
Had all behaviours at his fingers ends. (ſickly,
He could grone when 's friend was
And could weep when he was ſad:
Any humour, good or bad,
Did become him very quickly.

Did I believe that metempſychoſis
Pythagoras did dream of, I ſhould ſwear
That Proteus ghoſt to this day neither is
In hell nor yet in heaven, but doth wear
Now a body, and the baſe
Ghoſt of Ariſtippus dwells
In a thouſand bodies: elſe
How could thouſands have the face

To perſonate ſo many humours? act
So many parts at once, and balk no ſinne?
Yea, perpetrate with eaſe the baſeſt fact
That hell e'r puniſhed, to wind them in-
to great friendſhips, though they miſſe
Heavens favour, all the while
Dreaming that a great mans ſmile
Is on earth the onely bliſſe?

And

And yet when that laſt enemie ſhall come
And grind their aching bones with griping throes,
To bring their bodies to their longeſt home,
There 's not a man 'mongſt all their friends that (knows
How to take away their pain.
In comes ghaſtly Death among
The midſt of that friendly throng,
And turns them to duſt again.

Meditation 2.

THere 's none among the ſacred troup of Saints
Yet militant below but doth deſire
Gods favour moſt, and moſt of all laments
When it is loſt, and alway ſets a higher
Eſtimate upon the rayes
That are darted from above
By the God of peace and love,
Then on all he here enjoyes.

Ne'r doth the chaſed hart in hotteſt weather,
When horſe and hound purſue him o'r the plains,
And hunt him ſweating twentie miles together,
That all his bloud is boil'd within his veins,
When he 's to the hardeſt driven,
Pant ſo much for water-brooks,
As a ſoul deſerted looks
For a kind aſpect from heav'n.

Profitable and pious

Once did Elias zealous prayers climb
To heav'n, and made the windows there ſo faſt
(This came to paſſe in wicked Ahabs time)
That one and twentie months twice told were paſt
E'r there fell a ſhowre of rain
Or a drop of morning dew:
In the meadows nothing grew,
Nor was any kind of grain

Fed by the parched mold. How do ye think
That thirſtie, drie, and barren land did yawn
And gape to heav'n-ward for a draught of drink?
Juſt ſo, whene'r Gods favour is withdrawn
From a ſoul, it doth diſtreſſe her.
Ne'r earth thirſted more for rain,
Then doth ſhe for God again
To relieve her and refreſh her.

Have you not ſeen a mothers wofull tears
Embalm the carcaſe of her onely ſonne?
How to all comfort ſhe ſtops both her eares,
Wrings both her hands, and makes a bitter moan?
Fain in ſorrow would ſhe ſwim,
Or be drown'd, it is ſo deep:
She hath heart enough to weep
Heaven full up to the brim.

But

But this is nothing to that matchleſſe anguiſh
That breaks in pieces ev'rie pious heart,
And makes the ſoul with darkeſt ſadneſſe languiſh,
If from 't a ſenſe of Gods good will depart.
O how ſtrangely David 's troubled
When God hid away his face!
(Though but for a little ſpace)
See how his complaints are doubled.

How long? for ever, Lord, wilt thou forget me?
How long wilt thou thy gratious viſage hide?
How long be angrie? wilt thou never let me
Enjoy thy face again? ſhall I abide
Thus for evermore bereft
Of all comfort, joy, and peace?
Shall my ſoul ne'r dwell at eaſe?
Haſt thou, Lord, no mercy left?

O once again be pleas'd to turn, and give
My ſoul a reliſh of thy wonted grace:
There 's nothing can my ſadded heart relieve,
If thou doſt hide thy comfortable face.
Thou in tears thy ſervant drown'ſt,
Thou doſt fill my cheeks with furrows
And my ſoul with ghaſtly ſorrows,
Whenſoever, Lord, thou frown'ſt.

The world doth value at a precious rate
Things here below. Some highly prize their ſports
Some, jewels; ſome, a plentifull eſtate;
And ſome, preferments in a Princes court:
But for life, we ſo eſteem it
Above whatſoe'r is beſt,
That with loſſe of all the reſt
We are ready to redeem it.

But none of theſe Gods children do regard
So much as Gods love by a thouſand parts:
Feel they but this, to entertein 't is ſpar'd
The beſt and higheſt room in all their hearts.
They affect no wordly pelf
In compariſon of this
Kindneſſe; yea, to them it is
Better farre then life it ſelf.

Have they no reaſon for this eager thirſt
After Gods love and friendſhip? ſure they ſee
Gods favour and his kindneſſe is the firſt
And chiefeſt good: all other friendſhips be
Moſt deceitfull, truſtleſſe, vain.
When the pangs of Death do ſeiſe us
Mortall favours cannot eaſe us:
God can rid us of our pain.

But grant he do not, yet theſe pains ſhall ſend
Our ſouls to him that loves us, to enjoy
A painleſſe life that ne'r ſhall ſee an end.
He whom God loves can on a death-bed ſay,
I know my Redeemer liveth;
For me there 's laid up a crown:
When this clay-built houſe is down
God a better manſion giveth.

I 'll never woo the ſmile of man, whoſe breath
Is in his noſtrils, by ſiniſter wayes;
'T will not advantage at the houre of Death:
All my ſupportment on theſe carnall ſtayes
At the length will but deceive me.
'T is to have a friend above,
'T is Gods favour and his love,
Or elſe nothing, muſt relieve me.

Lord, make thy graces in my ſoul appear;
My heart from ev'rie lothſome blemiſh cleanſe,
That I may clearly ſee thine image there;
For that 's an undeceived evidence
Of thy favour: which when I
Once am certain to obtein,
I 'll not faint for any pain,
Nor will care how ſoon I die.

Sect.

Sect. 5.

Youth cannot protect us from the stroke of Death.

A Young man may die, but an old man must;
This may die quickly, that cannot live long:
Often are graves fill'd full with youthfull dust.
Though youth be jocund, lustie, merrie, strong,
Yet is it subject unto Death-bed-pains;
'T is mortall bloud that runnes along their veins.

In all appearance old mens halting feet are
Mov'd to the grave-ward with the greatest speed,
(Like that disciples which did outrunne Peter)
But sometimes younger men step in indeed:
And peradventure twentie years or more
Sooner then those that looked in before.

Graves gape for ev'rie sort: The butcher 's seen
Often to kill the youngest of the flock.
Some long to pluck those apples that are green:
Death crops the branches and forbears the stock.
Children are wrapp'd up in their winding-sheets,
And aged parents mourn about the streets.

Jobs children di'd before himſelf: for after
The death of ten he liv'd to get ten other.
We ſigh out, Ah my ſonne! or, Ah my daughter!
As oft as, Ah my father, or my mother!
The firſt that ever di'd reſign'd his breath
Nine hundred yeares before his fathers death.

Yea, many times, Deaths gripings are ſo cruel,
Before the groning mothers child-birth-pain
Is paſt, the infant 's buri'd; like a jewel
But ſhewn and preſently ſhut up again,
Perhaps within a minute after birth
Is forthwith ſent to cradle in the earth.

Perhaps he is not born at all, yet dies,
And dies a verie thriftie Death: to ſave
Fun'rall expenſes he in 's mother lies
Entombed, both lodg'd in a ſingle grave:
And with him lies in one poore narrow room
His ſwadling-clouts, nurſe, mother, cradle, tomb.

Profitable and pious

Meditation 1.

SOme sinnes there be (as holy writ doth teach)
That interrupt the current of our dayes:
He that 's found gultie of them cannot reach
That length of life which he that 's free enjoyes.
Sinne (you know) and Death are twins,
Or Death is Sinnes progeny.
Many of us if we die
In our youth may thank our sinnes.

One sinne is disobedience to that pair
Which did beget us. If I shall despise
My parents lawfull precepts, if my care
Be not to do what 's pleasing in their eyes,
If I willingly neglect
Any thing which I do know
Is a duty that I ow,
I may Death betimes expect.

Another sinne is unprepar'd receiving
That blessed Supper which doth feed and heal,
And in and to a soul that is believing
A full release of sinnes doth freely seal:
Where that body and that bloud
Is presented on the table,
Which are infinitely able
To do hungri'st sinners good.

If

If I come hither an unworthie gueſt;
Or if before my heart I do not prove;
Or if I come as to a common feaſt;
Or come without Thanks, Knowledge, Faith, and Love:
If I carrie any crime
Thither with me unlamented,
Or go ere I have repented,
Death may take me hence betime.

Another is Bloud-thirſtineſſe: when we
To do a miſchief are ſo ſtrongly bent
That we ſleep not unleſſe our projects be
Contrived to inſnare the innocent:
When we are ſo like the Devil,
Everie way ſatanicall,
That tongue, brains, heart, hands, and all
Are imploy'd in what is evil.

Theſe ſinnes and others like them do procure
Untimely Deaths. Lord, purifie my heart
From everie ſinne; but chiefly, Lord, ſecure
My ſoul from theſe, that I may not depart
Hence too ſoon. Lord, my deſire
Is not to live long; but I
Onely pray that I may die
In thy favour not thine ire.

Meditation 2.

THere is a ſinne that ſeldome doth eſcape
A rich mans heir, (yet 't is a foul tranſgreſſion)
For parents Death with open mouth to gape,
That their eſtates may come to his poſſeſſion.
He gapes that his friends may ſleep:
Parentalia are rites
Verie welcome: he delights
At a fathers grave to weep.

Poore hare-brain'd fool! Perhaps thou may'ſt go firſt:
This night thy younger ſoul may be requir'd;
Thy Death may fruſtrate that ungodly thirſt:
Whoſe then is that eſtate thou haſt deſir'd?
If theſe gallants were not blind,
Sure they could not chooſe but ſee
That a thouſand children be
Dead, their parents left behind.

Of any kind of ſinne (to ſpeak the truth)
That Satan can beget upon the ſoul,
Moſt commonly man 's guilti'ſt in his youth:
Our youthfull nature is beyond controll.
Some examples are afforded,
In whoſe hiſtorie appears
Looſeneſſe in our yonger years:
Theſe the Scriptures have recorded.

The

The verie firſt that e'r ſuck'd mothers teat,
Becauſe his works were naught, his brothers good,
Did boil his choler to ſo ſtrong a heat
That he muſt ſlake it in his brothers bloud.
How much rancour did he ſhow
So much harmleſſe bloud to ſpill,
And a quarter-part to kill
Of all mankind at a blow?

Unnaturall, accurſed, graceleſſe Cham
Never did grieve, nor ſigh, nor bluſh, but he
Laugh'd at and mock'd his drunken fathers ſhame.
(A ſober fathers curſe his portion be.)
Prophane Eſau did make ſale
Of 's birthright for 's bellie-full;
As 'mongſt us there 's many a gull
That ſells heaven for pots of ale.

And Abſalom was moſt deform'd within;
His head-piece had more hair then wit by ods:
His beautie went no deeper then his skinne;
He fear'd not mans law nor regarded Gods.
In him David had a ſonne
Beaſtly and ambitious too:
He did wrong his bed, and do
What he could to ſteal his throne.

In

Inceſtuous Amnon dotes upon his ſiſter,
And in his own bloud cools his lawleſſe fires.
That brother ſhould have ſinn'd that had but kiſſ'd her,
If mov'd unto it by unchaſt deſires:
But he makes a rape upon her,
And ſo furious is his luſt
That it cannot hold but muſt
Rob a virgin of her honour.

And I could tell you of a number more
Moſt ſinfull, vitious, vile, exorbitant,
Whoſe courſes are upon the Scriptures ſcore,
As if their youth had ſealed them a grant
To be neither wiſe nor holy,
But to runne into exceſſe
Of all kind of wickedneſſe,
And do homage unto follie.

The ſage Gymnoſophiſts, who firſt did give
The wilder Indians good and wholeſome laws:
The Magi, by whom Perſia learn'd to live
In order: the Chaldei, whoſe wiſe laws
The Aſſyrians juſtly rul'd
And did guide in everie thing:
Numa, Romes devouteſt King,
Who the elder Romanes ſchool'd:

That

That famous Solon, whom th' Athenians ow
For all their ſtatutes: and Lycurgus, he
Whoſe wiſdome taught the Spartanes how to know
What to omit and do: and more there be
That have publiſh'd wholeſome laws
To curb all indeed; but yet
Chiefly 't was to put a bit
In mens wild and youthfull jaws.

It is a ſigne that colt is wild that needs
So ſtrong a bridle. Ground that doth require
So much manuring ſure is full of weeds.
It is becauſe ſhe wallows in the mire
That we need to waſh a ſow.
Men in youth muſt needs be bad,
To curb whom thoſe laws were made
Which we told you of but now.

'T was a commanded cuſtome that the Jews
Should once in ev'rie two and fiftie weeks
Viſit their temples; no man might refuſe
To worſhip there. Each fourth year the Greeks
Their Olympian ſacrifice
Orderly performed: and
Th' Egyptians us'd to ſtand
Lifting up devouteſt eyes

Unto their Idole ev'ry ſeventh yeare
Within th' appointed temple. And 't is ſaid
Once in ten years the Romanes did appear
To ſacrifice: then was Apollo paid
His great Hecatomb, and then
Unto Delphos many went
With their gifts, for thither ſent
Preſents ev'rie ſort of men.

And of the Samnites authours do relate,
That th' ancient'ſt of them did moſt ſolemnly
Once in five years their *Luſtra* celebrate:
But 't is delivered by Antiquitie
That the youth of all theſe nations
Strictly all commanded were
To theſe places to repair
Oftner to make their oblations.

What doth this intimate, but that the crimes
Of youth are great and frequent, and their vices
Exorbitant, that they ſo many times
Have need to purge them by ſuch ſacrifices?
By experience we do find
What bad courſes men do follow
In their youth, and how they wallow
In baſe luſts of ev'rie kind.

And

And if you ask theſe brainleſſe hot-ſpurres why
They dedicate themſelves to ſuch lewd courſes;
They yet are young, theſe gallants ſtill replie,
And youth muſt have its ſwing: but no remorſe is
Wrought at all in any heart
For this lewdneſſe; there remains
Not a thought within their brains,
That the youngeſt may depart.

Lord, take poſſeſſion of my heart betimes:
My youth is fitteſt for thy ſervice; take it
Unto thy ſelf: make white thoſe crimſon crimes
That fain would ſoil it: let me never make it
A pretenſe (as many do)
To be lewd, but think that I
In the height of youth may die,
May die and be damned too.

Meditation 3.

PArents methinks betime ſhould ſtrive to make
Their children good, that heaven may receive them.
If God ſhould ſend an early Death to take
Them from the earth, it cannot chooſe but grieve them,
And fill full with bitter woe
Any parents heart to ſee
That their children wicked be,
And Death come and find them ſo.

Profitable and pious

Thoſe fruitfull couples whom the Lord hath bleſt
With children, ſhould take greateſt care to breed them
Religiouſly : In this more love 's expreſſ'd,
Then in their care to cloth them or to feed them,
Or what elſe they can beſtow
For their life or livelyhood,
And to do their children good
In the things that are below.

You muſt inſtruct your children in their way:
That 's double, Civil and Religious too :
They muſt be taught Gods precepts to obey,
And to their neighbours give what is their due.
If you do not ſtrive to ſet them,
By that rule which God hath given,
In the way that leads to heaven,
You did wrong them to beget them.

There 's ſuch a powre and force in education,
That juſtly we may call 't a ſecond nature :
Nature finds matter, nurture gives the faſhion,
And turns a man into another creature.
If a youth in 's manners halt,
On his parents we do lay
All the blame, and uſe to ſay,
That his breeding is in fault.

The

The heathen, who did ſee but by that light
Which purblind nature lent them, ever caught
At all occaſions they conceived might
Be helps to have their youth in goodneſſe taught.
In their bodies would they find
(For no where but in the book
Of the creatures did they look)
Leſſons to inſtruct the mind.

It is obſerv'd that Socrates let paſſe
No wayes nor means at all that might conduce
To their amendment: often to a glaſſe
He brought them, and that ſhadow had its uſe.
By his means their faces bred them:
For however their complexion
Did appear, by that reflexion
From 't a lecture would he reade them.

That fair ones muſt take heed they did not ſoil
That comely outſide with deformititie
Within: to have an inſide foul would ſpoil
The choiceſt beautie: that their ſymmetry,
Juſt proportion of parts,
And their comlineſſe of face
Was not worth a jote, if grace
Did not beautifie their hearts.

And that deformed ones ſhould have a care,
That vertuous endowments, of the ſoul
Might recompenſe thoſe blemiſhes that were
By nature plac'd to make the bodie foul:
That the mind and nothing elſe
Makes us either foul or fair.
Out-ſide beauties nothing are
To a mind where vertue dwells.

Of any age their youth is fitt'ſt to take
The print of vice or vertue: 't is a clean
Unwritten table, where a man may make
What characters he will. If e'r you mean
To make ſtraight a crooked tree,
You muſt do 't while 't is a twig:
When your children are grown big
They will not reformed be.

Sometimes (if need require) you ſhall do well
To uſe the rod: if duly you correct them,
'T may be a means to whip their ſouls from hell:
From many ſinnes may prudent ſtripes protect them.
No ſuch phyſick as the rod:
There 's health in a loving ſcourge,
It will childrens manners purge,
And will make them fit for God.

But

But whenſoe'r you faſten any blows,
Let ſinnes againſt the holy name of God
Be firſt corrected: for a child that knows
To give his due to heav'n, on him the rod
Will prevail with little labour
To correct him how to live
Civilly, and how to give
What he ows unto his neighbour.

And yet you muſt be moderate in ſtrokes:
You may not make a trade of chaſtiſements.
A parent that corrects too much provokes
His child to wrath; ſo pious documents
Will be caſt away in vain.
Too much mercie is not fit,
Neither too much rigour; yet
Mercie 's better of the twain.

That high and great Jehovah, whom we find
Adorn'd with mercie, goodneſſe, juſtice, wrath,
Is evermore to mercie moſt inclin'd:
Of all the reſt that moſt employment hath.
He that ſuffered near mount Sion,
(And whatever he did hallow
By his practice we ſhould follow)
Was a Lamb as well 's a Lion.

And e'r you ſtrike obſerve their diſpoſitions:
Thoſe foure complexions in mans groſſer part
Are but a few; the finer part 's conditions
Are many more. Some at a look will ſtart;
Others will but make a mock
At the laſh it ſelf, and never
Will expreſſe the leaſt endevour
To amend with many a knock.

The Nat'raliſts can tell you of a ſtone
Extremely hard, which bloud or milk will ſoften:
But with the ſtrongeſt hammer there is none
Can do it, though he beat it ne'r ſo often.
The ſea yields a certain weed,
Which, if gently grip'd, will flie;
Roughly, will yield preſently:
Rigour ſuch ſtout natures need.

Some childrens diſpoſitions are like nettles:
The gentl'er you do handle them they ſting
The more; fair means in them no vertue ſettles:
Some are like thorns; the harder you do wring
The more deeply will they pierce.
Mark their natures, and you ſhall
By due chaſtiſements recall
Both the gentle and the fierce.

But

But it muſt be 'bove all your chiefeſt care
To ſhine before your children by the light
Of good example: for examples are
Of moſt prevailing natures. What the ſight
Can be maſter of appears
To be more convincing farre
Then all other truths that are
Onely objects of the ears.

A high perfection did the heathen deem it
To imitate their Jove: were it but in
His cloſe adulteries, they did eſteem it
A commendable paſſage not a ſinne.
In a wrong way, or a right,
Samplers lead, I know not how:
If King Alexander bow
Not a courtier ſtands upright.

If Cyrus noſe be bad, or if a ſcarre
Chance to disfigure his imperiall face;
If Plato 's learned ſhoulders be too ſquare;
One 's ſubjects, th' others ſcholars, are ſo baſe
As to draw 't into a faſhion;
And if Ariſtotle ſtammer,
All his boyes will liſp and hammer
Out their words in imitation.

If cruel Dionyſius tyrannize,
Each man grows fierce: and if Antiochus
Be luſtfull, he is not accounted wiſe
That will not be effeminate: and thus
Ptolemeus Philadelph
Loving letters, by example
Egypt underfoot did trample
Ignorance as did himſelf.

With ſcholars (like himſelf) Auguſtus fill'd
The Romane Empire: and Tiberius he
Stor'd it with ſuch as were exactly skill'd
In fair diſſimulation, and could be
Leaders in the hatefull train
Of thoſe monſters who by heart
Had learn'd perfectly the art
To diſſemble, lie, and feigne.

Good Conſtantine's example fill'd the land
With Chriſtians like himſelf, and Julian's did
Beget a troup of Atheiſts: ſuch command
Examples have. In holy writ we reade
That examples either way,
For God or againſt him, for
Great Jehovah's worſhip or
Baalim's, did the people ſway.

If

If Iſrael's or Judah 's King were good,
The people preſently deſtroy'd their groves:
Scarce in the land a graven image ſtood:
High places owls did reſt in: each man loves
(At the leaſt in ſhew) that Jealous
God that in the deſert fed them,
And from Egypt 's bondage led them;
For him onely are they zealous.

If Iſrael's or Judah 's King were bad,
So were the people: Altars ſtraight were rear'd
To ſenſeleſſe Idoles; not a houſe but had
Their graven Images; and no man fear'd
Unto Baal to bend his knee.
Men live by ſimilitude
More then law; and moſt conclude
Upon what their Princes be.

If Nebuchadnezzar the mightie King
Be pleas'd to fall down to a golden image,
Thither with ſpeed do their devotions bring
People of ev'rie kingdome, tongue, and linage.
Three excepted, all adore him:
There 's not one enough preciſe
To refuſe; it doth ſuffice
That the King did ſo before him.

Thou

Thou art a King if thou a parent art,
Each family 's a pettie kingdome, and
The parents Monarch: 't were a kingly part
To make thy little ſubjects underſtand
How in vertue to excell
By thy practice; that 's a skill
'Bove all other: children will
No way elſe be taught ſo well.

Look how the *primum mobile* doth move,
Accordingly do move the other ſpheres:
As in a Jack the wheel that is above
With its firſt mover juſt proportion bears.
In a familie 't is ſo:
Look what way the parents take,
That the reſt their rule will make,
Chiefly there the children go.

Not any godly precept ſo exact is,
Which you ſhall teach your children to obey;
But that, if you ſhall thwart it by your practice,
Thus will your junior houſhold-members ſay,
At leaſt they will whiſper thus,
If vertue be good, then why
Do not you live vertuouſly?
If not, why d' ye preſſe 't on us?

If by theſe wayes you ſtrive to educate,
Whom God hath bleſt with fruitfull progenies,
Your children well, their early Death or late
Shall not a jote augment your miſeries.
A childs death is not a rod
To afflict a parents heart.
He that dies well doth depart
Hence that he may live with God.

Lord, if thou make my wife a fruitfull vine,
Make it withall my chiefeſt care to dreſſe
The branches well; the glorie ſhall be thine,
And if they die my grief ſhall be the leſſe.
A childs death 's a precious ſavour
In thy noſtrils that was here
Taught to live, Lord, in thy fear;
For he dieth in thy favour.

Meditation 4.

IF youth it ſelf may drop into the grave,
When children die methinks they ſhould bequeath
Surviving parents comforts. Sure they have
No cauſe (were not affection ſtrong) to grieve
Overmuch, as many do:
For Death is impartiall,
By his ſtroke all ages fall,
Both the old'ſt and youngeſt too.

Think

Think duly on 't. Why ſhould your eyes runne o'r
For what you have no way to remedie ?
If you ſhould heav'n eternally implore,
It would not ſend them back. But you 'll replie,
'Cauſe there 's no way to be found
That may help us to recover
Them again, our eyes runne over,
And our tears do ſo abound.

Nor ever will your higheſt floud of ſorrow
Tranſport them back into the world again :
Your ſelves may follow them before to morrow.
Thoſe deep-fetch'd ſighs are ſmok'd out all in vain,
So are all thoſe drops you mourn
Shed in vain ; hap'ly you may
Soon go after them, but they
Are too happie to return.

Is it your love that doth produce ſuch grones ?
How eaſily alas is love miſtaken!
Methinks you cannot love and grieve at once ;
To love were to rejoyce that they have ſhaken
Hands with miſerie to dwell
In a world of bliſſe above ;
Grief at this is farre from love,
It ſeems not to wiſh them well.

Or is 't becauſe that they are dead you weep?
I do not think that when they were begotten,
You dream'd them death-free, or had hopes to keep
Them here for ever; that they would be rotten
In their graves you could not chooſe
But conſider: for a ſpan
To be quickly ended, can
Never go for any news.

Nor with good reaſon can you lay the blame
On Death at all, but on your ſelves that did
Beget them mortall: for the very ſame
Matter wherewith they were begot and fed,
Fits them for an alteration
By the hand of Death. If you
Grudge that Death hath ta'n his due,
You may blame their generation.

Or do you grieve becauſe they di'd ſo ſoon?
If wayes be foul, and journeys perillous,
Who taketh up his lodging e'r 't be noon
Is beſt at eaſe. 'T is like God loveth thoſe
Whom he takes betime away:
Sad experience lets us know
That the happi'ſt here below
Have a miſerable ſtay.

Or is your onely child deceas'd, that paſſion
Doth domineer ſo? here I could allow
Methinks your tears a free immoderation,
But that (on better ground then Jephtha's vow)
I remember what was done
By that parent, who is penn'd
Down for great Jehovah's friend,
In caſe of his onely ſonne.

Ev'n when 't was dead a miracle did fill
His Sarahs womb, but it was fill'd but once.
Iſaac was all: Yet Abraham muſt kill
This all himſelf. God did it for the nonce
That he might his graces prove,
Yet the man made no denyall,
But did by ſo ſtrange a triall
Manifeſt his faith and love.

This caſe muſt needs ſtrike nearer to the heart
Then yours; yet he doth preſently ſubmit.
Love (I confeſſe) is very loth to part
With what it loves, but grace doth put a bit
Into natures mouth that ſhe
May not grumble nor repine
At what 's a decree Divine,
But ſubſcribe it chearfully.

Juſt like the Autumn-ſap of fruitfull trees
So love deſcendes; and it is ardent when
Diſperſed, but by infinite degrees
More ardent when it is contracted: men
That have but an onely ſonne,
If Death take him hence, their loſſe
Is a great one; but this croſſe
Muſt be born. Thy will be done,

Is what your ſelves do pray for every day:
And when this will of God 's declared, you
Greatly offend if you do murmure. May
Not God, and Sinne, and Nature claim their due?
Very ill you do behave you
If you give not heav'n leave
Thankfully for to bereave
You again of what it gave you.

Lord, if thou pleaſe to ſtock my table round
About with children, yet I will be glad:
Nor ſhall my ſorrow overmuch abound,
Though I do ſee them in their grave-clothes clad;
For the ſooner are they bleſt:
And within the ſhorteſt ſpace
Whom thou help'ſt to winne a race,
They the ſooner are at reſt.

Meditation 5.

VVE do not die by chance nor yet by fortune,
But how and when the Lord will have us die:
He numbers all our dayes; we cannot ſhorten
Nor lengthen them a minute: Deſtiny
Neither ſpinnes nor cuts the thread.
God a certain period ſets:
No man ſhorter falls, or gets
Further, then the bounds decreed.

If God vouchſafe to number out the hairs
That do adorn and cloth our ſinfull heads;
Who doubteth that his providence forbears
To count our dayes? If not a ſparrow treads
On the earth 's face thus or thus,
But his providence awaketh
For to note it, ſure he taketh
Greater care by farre of us.

If any godleſſe wits ſo curious be
To talk of Hezekiah's fifteen years,
His ſentence God did change, not his decree,
The anſwer is: yet Eſay 's tongue appears
To ſpeak not a jote the leſſe
Truth; 't was with a ſuppoſition:
God doth threaten with condition
Either tacit or expreſſe.

When

When Peſtilence, that lothſome, dreadfull hag,
Bepatch'd with botches, wanders up and down,
And into ev'ry houſhold drops the plague,
Scarce any Turk in an infected town
But will wife and friend afford
Daily viſits and imbraces:
They flie no contagious places,
Nor fear either bed or bord.

Their reaſon is, Gods providence doth write
Their fortunes on their foreheads; neither can
Their day of life be longer, nor their night
Of Death come ſooner then God wills it: Man (it.
Muſt yield 's ghoſt when God will have
For health and life, if God will
Save it, 't is not plague can kill:
If not, 't is not they can ſave it.

Such block-heads have not brains enough to think
That as the time, ſo God withall decrees
The means of life; as phyſick, meat and drink,
Clothes, recreations, and what elſe he ſees
Needfull. They themſelves deſtroy,
And are to their ſafety ſtrangers,
That runne into mortall dangers,
And not ſhun them when they may.

Howe'r imploy'd, Lord, grant I may have leiſure
Religiouſly to meditate that thou
My dayes doſt number, and my life doſt meaſure,
And make me think, Lord, that this very now,
That this twinkling of an eye
Is the period thou haſt ſet:
Lord, grant I may ne'r forget
That this moment I may die.

PART III.

Of Deaths ſuddenneſſe.

THough ſometimes Death doth ſtay till it be late
At night, untill our moſt decrepit years,
And when he comes, doth (like a King) in ſtate
Send harbingers before; yet Death appears
Sometimes unlook'd for early in the morning,
And takes us up before he gives us warning.

When at full tide our youthfull bloud doth flow
In every vein, and when our pulſes dance
A healthfull meaſure, when our ſtomachs know
No qualms at all, as we would ſay by chance
Snatch'd are our bodies to their longeſt homes,
And Death is paſt before a ſickneſſe comes.

How

How many ſleepie mortals go to bed
With healthful bodies, and do riſe no more!
How many hungry mortals have been fed
Contentedly at dinner? yet before
Againſt a ſecond meal they whet their knives
Death ſteals away their ſtomachs and their lives.

How many in the morning walk abroad
For to be breath'd on by the keener air?
Perhaps to clarifie their groſſer bloud,
Or elſe to make their rougher cheeks look fair.
But e'r they tread a furlong in the froſt,
Death nips them: ſo their former labour 's loſt.

Nature is parſimonious: Man may live
With little: but alas with how much leſſe
A man may die! There 's nothing but may give
A mortall blow: ſmall matters may undreſſe
Our ſouls of clay. A thouſand wayes we have
To ſend our crazie bodies to the grave.

The elements confeder how they may
Procure our Death: the Air we ſuck to live
It ſelf hath poi'ſned thouſands in a day,
And made ſuch havock that the ſlain did ſtrive
For elbow-room in Church-yards: houſes were
Good cheap, and onely ſhrowds and coffins dear.

If we could come to ſpeak with Pharaoh's ghoſt,
'T would tell how many met with ſudden graves
Beneath the water; that a mighty hoſt
Was ſlain and buried by the ſurly waves,
Except a few which ſurfeted with ſtore
The crop-ſick ſea did vomit on the ſhore.

Sometimes our mother Earth, as if ſhe were
So hunger-bitten that ſhe needs muſt eat
Her children, gapes as for ſome toothſome cheer,
And multitudes one ſwallow down doth let;
Which either in her womb ſhe doth beſtow,
Or elſe doth ſend them to the world below.

That uſefull creature Fire, whoſe light and heat
Doth comfort, and, when Earth doth penance, warm us,
Whoſe cookerie provides us wholeſome meat;
Yet mortally this element doth harm us.
One morning ſent from heav'n ſuch dreadfull flaſhes
As did intomb five cities in their aſhes.

We may remember ſome that have been kill'd
By falls of buildings; ſome, by drunken ſwords.
By beaſts both wild and tame our bloud is ſpill'd.
There 's not a creature but a death affords.
'Bove fourtie childrens limbs God's anger tears
In pieces with the teeth of ſavage bears.

But there 's ſome likelyhood that ſudden Death
By means like theſe may eaſily befall us:
But many times we mortalls loſe our breath
By wayes leſſe probable. The Lord doth call us
Upon a ſudden hence by petty things:
Sometimes the meaneſt means Death's errand brings.

Our ſtaff of life may kill: a little crumb
Of bread may choke us going down awry.
A ſmall hair in their drink hath cauſed ſome
To breath their laſt. By any thing we die.
Sometimes a ſudden grief or ſudden joy
Have might enough to take our ſouls away.

Meditation 1.

HOw weak 's the thread of life, that any thing
How weak ſo e'r can break it by and by!
How ſhort 's the thread of life, that Death can bring
Both ends of it together ſuddenly!
Well may the ſcriptures write the life of man
As weak as water and as ſhort 's a ſpan.

How ſoon is water ſpilt upon the ground!
Once ſpilt, what hand can gather 't up again?
Fome that doth riſe to day is ſeldome found
Floting to morrow. When the wanton rain
Gets bubbles to make ſport with on the water,
A minute breaks them into their firſt matter.

Such is our life. How ſoon doth Death uncaſe
Our ſouls? and when they once are fled away,
Who can return them? As upon the face
Of thirſtie ground when water 's ſhed to day,
The morrow ſees it not: ſo when we die
None can revive us; as we fall, we lie.

Our life 's a vapour. Vapours do ariſe
Sometimes indeed with ſuch a ſeeming power,
As if they would eclipſe the glorious skies,
And muffle up the world, but in an houre
Or two at moſt theſe vapours are blown o'r,
And leave the air as clear as 't was before.

We look big here a little while and briſtle,
And ſhoulder in the ſmiling world, as though
There were no dancing but as we would whiſtle,
So ſtrangely domineer we here below.
But as a vapour in a ſun-ſhine day
We vaniſh on a ſudden quite away.

Our life is like the ſmoke of new-made fire:
As we in age and ſtature upward tend,
Our diſſolution is ſo much the nigher.
Smoke builds but caſtles in the air: aſcend
Indeed it doth aloft, but yet it muſt
At high'ſt diſſolve, we vaniſh into duſt.

What is a ſhadow? Nothing. Grant it were
A thing that had a name and being too,
Yet let a cloud 'twixt us and heav'n appear,
Its turn'd into its former nothing. Do
Our ſhadows vaniſh? ſurely ſo do we:
At noon a man, at night a corps we ſee.

Our life 's a cloud, and from varietie
Of vapours are created diverſe ſorts:
The ſtronger laſt a time, the weaker flie
With leſſe ado; yet half a day tranſports
Both ſtrong'ſt and weakeſt hence, and in their flight
Their nimble ſpeed outrunnes the quickeſt ſight.

Some men are healthfull, merrie, luſtie, ſtrong;
Some crazy, weak, ſad, ſickly, drooping: both
Poſt hence with winged ſpeed: we may not wrong
Life's footmanſhip; for ſure with greater ſloth
Clouds through the air the ſtrongeſt wind doth ſend,
Then frail mans life doth gallop to its end.

With greater ſloth? A man that now is here,
Perhaps an houre, yea half a minute hence,
That man may in another world appear.
Our life moves faſter then thoſe things which ſenſe
Acquaint us with, faſter then ſhips by farre,
Or birds, or bullets that do plow the air.

All

All fleſh is graſſe: how ſuddenly that fades!
Graſſe in the morning ſtandeth proudly green,
E'r night the husbandmen prepare their blades
To cut it down, and not a leaf is ſeen
But e'r the morrow 's wither'd into hay,
That in its ſummer-ſuit was cloth'd to day.

We grow and flouriſh in the world a ſpace, (crown:
Our dayes with eaſe, mirth, health, ſtrength, heav'n doth
But 't is not long we run this happy race,
Death cometh with his ſithe and mows us down,
When we are apt to ſay, for ought we know
As yet we have an age of dayes to grow.

Our life 's a flower that groweth in the field.
A garden-flower is but a fading thing,
Though it hath hedges, banks, and walls to ſhield
It ſelf from cropping: long 't is e'r the ſpring
Doth bring it forth; three quarters of a yeare
Are gone before its beauty doth appear.

And when it ſhineth in its faireſt pride,
One hand or other will be ſure to pluck it.
But let 's ſuppoſe all ſnatching fingers ty'd,
And grant withall that never Bee doth ſuck it
To blemiſh it a jote, yet will the breath
Of winter blow the faireſt flower to death.

'Tis

thoughts of Death.

'T is long before we get us very farre
Into the world: for after generation
There is a time when lifeleſſe lumps we are,
And have not bodies of a humane faſhion:
Such as we have both life and motion want,
And when we live we live but like a plant.

A while we do but grow: then like a beaſt
We have our ſenſes: next indeed we live
The life of him that lives to be a feaſt
For deſpicable worms. The womb doth give
No paſſage to us yet; we are (like corn
Sown lately) fit to be but are not born.

When born, 't is long before we can procure
Our legs or underſtandings to aſſiſt us:
And then 't is long before we grow mature:
And all this while if ſudden Death hath miſt us,
Yet in the hoary winter of our age
Our part is ended and we quit the ſtage.

Lord, what is man? Lord, rather what am I?
I cannot tell my ſelf unleſſe thou teach me:
From thee came *Know thy ſelf* down through the skie
To mortalls here. Thy ſervant doth beſeech thee
To make me know, though it be to my ſhame,
How vaniſhing, how weak, and frail I am.

Medita-

Meditation 2.

WHat would I do if I were ſure to die
Within this houre? ſure heartily repent,
My ſinfull couch ſhould never more be drie
But drown'd in tears, ſad grones my heart ſhould rent,
And my ſorrow ſtill increaſe
With repenting till I die,
That once reconciled I
Might be found of God in peace.

Then preſently I 'll ſet about it, for
My time 's uncertain, and for ought I know
God may not leave my ſoul a minute more
To animate my body here below.
Deep-fetch'd ſighs and godly ſorrow
Shall poſſeſſe my heart to day:
'T is a fooliſh ſinne to ſay
That I will repent to morrow.

What if I die before? juſt as the tree
Doth fall it lies. When I am in the grave
I cannot grieve for ſinne, nor can I be
Converted unto God, nor pardon crave.
Had I breath and grace to crave it,
Yet God's time of mercie 's gone:
'T is giv'n in this life alone,
In the next I cannot have it.

What

thoughts of Death.

What would I leave undone if ghaſtly Death
Stood at my elbow? ſure I would not wallow
In thoſe pollutions that reigne here beneath;
No lewd and wicked courſes would I follow.
I ſhould tremble at a thought
Of uncleanneſſe, if I were
Sure that dreadfull time were near
When I muſt to earth be brought.

Why ſhould I ſinne at all? for in the act
Of my next ſinne a ſudden Death may catch me.
(A town ſecure is much the ſooner ſack'd.)
What know I but God fetteth Death to watch me,
That when any luſt hath preſſ'd me
For his ſervice, that I may
Down to hell without delay,
Death may preſently arreſt me?

If we did well, ſtill ſhould we fear to meet
Death in thoſe places where we uſe to ſinne,
And as we enter think we heare the feet
Of Death behind us coming ſoftly in?
We ſhould fear when ſinnes delight us,
When we ſwallow any crime,
Leſt that very point of time
Juſtice ſhould ſend Death to ſmite us.

I know whatever is on this ſide hell,
Is mercie all: that we were not ſent thither
When we ſinn'd laſt, is mercie. What befell
Zimri and Cozbi as they lay together?
Phinehas zealous ſpear did thruſt
Both to death, and bored holes
To let out thoſe guilty ſouls,
Which were melted into luſt.

Help me, O Lord, to do and leave undone
What thou command'ſt, for ſudden Death prepare me,
That at what time ſoe'r my glaſſe is run
Thy holy Angels may to heav'n bear me.
Give thy ſervant grace, that I
May ſo fear the face of ſinne
As a ſerpents, leſt that in
Th' unrepented act I die.

Meditation 3.

DOth Death come ſuddenly? ſo much the better:
If I am readie and do daily die,
So much the ſooner 't will my ſoul unfetter
T' enjoy the beſt degree of libertie.
And if Death will ſend me where
I ſhall evermore remain,
I will never care how vain,
Or how frail my life is here.

My

My life is like the wind: but when this puff
Is paſs'd I ſhall eternally enjoy
A place in heav'n, where all is calm enough,
Where never blaſt is felt that brings annoy,
Where is everlaſting eaſe,
Not a ſtorm nor tempeſt there,
Nor a jote of trouble, where
All is quietneſſe and peace.

My life is like a vapour: but aſſoon
As this thin miſt, this vapour, is diſperſed,
My day ſhall be an undeclining noon,
Whoſe glorious brightneſſe cannot be rehearſed,
Which will ſhew me (for ſo clear
And ſo ſhining is that place)
God immortall face to face,
Whom I ſaw but darkly here.

My life is water ſpilt and caſt away
Upon the ground: but after it is ſhod,
In ſtead thereof I ſhall a ſtream injoy,
As Cryſtall clear, which from the throne of God
And the Lamb of God proceedeth.
Water 't is of life, and laſteth
Ever, which a ſoul that taſteth
Once no more refreſhing needeth.

Profitable and pious

My life is like a ſhadow that doth vaniſh:
But whenſoe'r this ſhadow 's vaniſh'd quite,
Subſtantiall glories will my ſoul replenish,
And ſolid joyes will crown it with delight.
The worlds are but fading joyes;
Shadows we all purchaſe here:
Never untill Death appear
Have we true and reall joyes.

My life 's a flower: but when it withers here
It is tranſplanted into paradiſe,
Where all things planted flouriſh all the year,
Where Boreas never breaths a cake of ice.
With ſweet air the place is bleſt;
There is an eternall ſpring:
Thither, Lord, thy ſervant bring.
Here my homely Muſe doth reſt,

Nor another flight will make
Till ſhe ſee how this will take.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.